

The Crazy Trio Of Logstedshire

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Relationship:	Wilbur Soot & TommyInnit , Technoblade & TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF) , TommyInnit & Phil Watson (Video Blogging RPF) , Ranboo & TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF) , Ranboo & Tubbo , Niki Nihachu & Toby Smith Tubbo , Clay Dream & Ranboo (Video Blogging RPF) , Clay Dream/GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , Niki Nihachu & Technoblade & Phil Watson , Quackity & Awesamdude & Foolish Gamers & Charlie Slimecicle , TommyInnit & Eret & Fundy & Wilbur , TommyInnit & Tubbo , Wilbur Soot & Technoblade & TommyInnit & Phil Watson , Niki & Tubbo & Phil Watson & Technoblade , Dream & GeorgeNotFound & Sapnap & CaptainPuffy & Badboyhalo , Everyone & Everyone
Character:	TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF) , Wilbur Soot , Technoblade (Video Blogging RPF) , Phil Watson (Video Blogging RPF) , Toby Smith Tubbo , Ranboo (Video Blogging RPF) , Eret (Video Blogging RPF) , Floris Fundy , Niki Nihachu , Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF) , GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , Badboyhalo - Character , Alexis Quackity , Sam Awesamdude , Charlie Slimecicle , Foolish Gamers , Karl Jacobs , Jschlatt (Video Blogging RPF) , Hannah Hannahxxrose , Cara CaptainPuffy
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by [Soulless_Fawn](#)

Summary

Tommy knows the world is a dangerous place. It's what adults say. But he can't help but play ignorant. Maybe it's because he's seen true horrors in the adults who yell out for his family to be killed or the fact that he lives among the creatures that are so called "dangerous". But he really doesn't believe in the humans who left him to rot when he was merely a child.

He's proven wrong when a chance encounter flips his life on its axis and he stares into fond red eyes for the first time. When those eyes don't let him go, when they cress at the corners as the voice who said eyes belong to say "mine." With so much danger it causes him to shiver.

When faced with the fangs that are going to take every last bit of humanity Tommy has left he knows he's been ignorant, that his world is very much a dangerous place.

Tommy's forced into a world of monsters and creatures at a young age but only earns a place in it at the ripe age of fifteen. He meets others like him, boys with brown and black and white hair to match. But also meets a man with long pink hair, who dares to steal him away from Wilbur, Eret and Fundy with nothing more then a sharp and toothy grin. All with the promise of being his one and only sire.

Notes

Warnings: Blood, violence, guns, abuse, kidnapping, injury, stalking, manipulation and alcoholism.

Please tell me if I should add any warnings! Hope you enjoy!

The Boy In The Hood

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Tommy watched from the alleyway as people passed by. Men, women, children, they were all under his gaze as he waited. Looking for the perfect victim. He was running the market. A term people like him knew all too well by now. People who had to steal to survive. Because that's what running the market is. Stealing from whoever seemed rich enough to not care if their wallet gets snatched.

So he waits. This street was crowded and hard to run but he's done it before. A couple catches his eyes. The man wore nice and fancy clothing. So did the woman. They were busy looking at the stalls set up. Tommy smiled to himself as he walked out of the alleyway and into the dirt street. He looked at the stalls around as he crept closer to the couple.

The woman had a lot of jewels on her but they would be hard to pawn off. The man was the better choice. His wallet was poking out of his pocket. Tommy got close and reached his hand out to get the wallet. The tips of his fingers brushed against it and-

"Hey!" The woman yelled beside him. He grabbed the wallet and turned on his heels. "Honey, he stole your wallet! Get him!" The lady yelled, making her husband look up from the stalls. He turned to look back at the couple and saw the man's face turn from confusion to anger. The man started to run after him and Tommy quickened his pace. Now to actually do the running of the market.

Tommy pushed past the crowd as the man started swearing his way. Calling for guards on duty to help. He just snickers as he turns a corner. This market was too crowded and the guards on duty were at the ends of the roads. Tommy was completely fine. Until he wasn't. Once he turned another corner he came face to face with a stall blocking the road. "Shit!" He yelled as he stared at it.

Tommy fixed his cloak hood as he looked around quickly. Come on, he has to think. "You fucking brat! You think you can just come and steal from me and get away!" The man turned the corner blocking him in. His face was a heated red from running and anger. Tommy clutched onto the wallet he held in his hand and turned around.

"What can't let go of some cash? Feeding the poor with this shit you know. You'd be doing some good to let me go." He said as the guy just walked closer. A smile on his face at seeing Tommy was cornered. He backed up as the man walked forward. His hips bumping into the empty stall.

“Ya fucking right kid. You're just a nasty street rat running the market!” Tommy let out a whistle as he used his hand to pat his chest.

“That hurts you know. Plus I rather be a street rat than be a rich stuck up bi-“ He didn't even get to finish his sentence as the guy rushes forward. The man grips onto his shirt and slams him against one of the walls.

“You oughta shut your mouth boy. Or you'll be a pulp when I hand you over to the guards!” The guy spat out eyeing him.

“Oh will he now?” A sly voice says from the end of the road. The guy whipped around to look at who was talking. Still holding onto Tommy by the shirt collar. Tommy turned his head to the left and grins.

“Hey, you there, call the guards! This brats a thief!” Tommy took his chance and kicked the guy in the knee causing him to drop him. He falls to the ground and tries to run off once more. But is stopped when his hair gets grabbed through his cloak hood. He is dragged back and slammed into the ground. “Oh no you don't fucker! You're not getting away with my wallet!”

Tommy groans as his head starts to pulse. He just holds the wallet closer. Tommy looks up at the guy and scoffs. “Your so stupid. D-do you really think I'd run the market alone?” The man stares for a second before his eyes go wide. He turns around as the guy at the end of the road runs over. The man doesn't have any time as he is pulled off of Tommy and slammed into one of the brick walls. Much harder than Tommy was.

“Keep your hands off my baby brother.” The other cloaked figure growls out. The man stares with wide eyes as he struggles against his brother's hold. The hood to Tommy's brother's cloak falls a bit and the man's face turns paper white. His brother's sharp wolf-like teeth shone through the partly off hood.

“Y-your a, a, y-your-“

“Speak up now. It's not very hard to say werewolf.” Tommy chuckles as he stands up. He could practically hear the aggression from Wilbur. Wilbur's eyes turn from dark brown to a bright yellow as his ears turn into one of wolves. A tail whips out from under his cloak as his nails grow sharp. “You know I could break your leg. Make it so you can't follow us, but I'm nice. I'll leave you here and me and my brother will be leaving with your wallet. If I smell you anywhere near us when we

leave I'll be breaking more than just your legs. That sound fair?"

The man only nodded as Wilbur dropped him. His eyes go back to their dark brown and his wolf features disappear. Wilbur quickly fixed up his cloak hood as he turned to Tommy. He walked over rubbing his head. It fucking hurt to get slammed into things alright? Wilbur just grabbed his hand as they ran out of the closed off section. Leaving the man behind to probably call the guards. They twisted and turned around people until they made it out into the open. Out of the marketplace.

Once a good distance away Tommy's hand was let go. "Your hands are so sweaty man it's disgusting." He comments as he takes his hood off. Wilbur just scoffs as he lowers his too. Wolf features being completely gone.

"Says the one you sweat through his pyjamas last night."

"It was hot!"

"Uh-huh sure..." Wilbur turns to face him as they carry on walking. "Your head okay?" Tommy just shrugs.

"I'm good big man. What matters is we got money!" He cheers as he pulls out the wallet he stole. Wilbur rolls his eyes as he snatches it from his hands. "Hey!"

"Shush gremlin." Wilbur opens the wallet as he counts the coins. A grin growing on his face. "Looks like we got lucky today!" Tommy looks over. At seeing how much was in there his grin turns into a big toothy smile.

"Holy shit we're totally set for the week!" Wilbur rolls his eyes as he closes the stolen wallet. Pocketing it.

"Not if you get your grubby hands on it. Last time we scored good you bought a plush."

Tommy just pushed Wilbur to the side as they turned a corner. "Henry was a needed addition to our family! He was just staring at me and I could tell he needed me to save him." Wilbur just sighed as they walked into a much more closed alleyway. It had brick walls that cracked all along it. You couldn't stand next to someone while going down it as it was small.

They slowly made their way to the end of the alley coming up to a closed wooden gate. Wilbur went first as he did a couple knocks in the wood. "We're back!" He called out. "Back from the run with gremlin!"

"Hey!" Tommy yelled, punching Wilbur's arm. The older man didn't seem to mind as he just waited. The gate slowly opened to reveal an orange haired man with grey eyes. "Furry man!" He yelled as he pushed past the guy. Earning a short growl in return.

"I said not to call me that!" Fundy snapped as Wilbur walked in. Locking the gate afterwards.

Tommy didn't bother to listen to the rant the guy was starting up as he spotted the pack's nest. He ran over to it only to be grabbed right off his feet. Held bridal style and walked over to a different part of the den. "Eret let me go!" He said as he started to flail around. The other just looked down at him with a grin.

"Hello to you too Tommy." He said as he placed Tommy down on a chair. He just pouted as Wilbur willingly walked over. "Walk me through what happened." Eret said to Wilbur as he passed the wallet over.

Wilbur sat across from Tommy with a smile as he unclasped his cloak. "We ran through one of the more crowded streets. I got called as Tommy got cornered by this asshole of a guy. He got slammed around a bit though." Eret let out a protective growl as he turned to him.

Eret eyed Tommy up and down. "Are you feeling okay?" He just scoffed as Eret started poking around his head for injuries.

Tommy batted their hand away earning quite frankly a pathetic slap on his own hand in return. "I'm fine, Eret! You're like a mother hen you know. So annoying." Tommy said, crossing his hands. Not wanting them to be slapped again.

"Well I have to be. I'm the alpha of the pack. Plus you could have a concussion for all we know." Eret shot back as he moved from his head to the rest of him.

"That's what I was thinking!" Wilbur piped in as Fundy walked over and leaned against him. "Like it took all of my control not to rip that hairless fool apart! Putting his hands on our pup like that!"

“Oh calm down Wilbur.” Fundy cut in. Carding his hands through Wilbur’s hair. “He’s fine. You get too protective.” Wilbur just huffed as he slouched in his seat. Tommy stuck his tongue out at him in return.

Eret left from checking Tommy to go look at Wilbur. “You’re free to go pup. But if you feel like something is wrong-“

“I’ll tell you! I know. Can I head out now?” Tommy said as Eret started checking over Wilbur. Tommy took off his cloak and threw it into the pack’s nest. No more hiding himself in cheap fabrics.

Eret looked up from Wilbur with a stern face. But upon seeing him he softened into a small smile. “Stay within our territory and if you get into trouble just whistle. We’ll hear and come running.” Tommy smiled and ran over to the gate. Wilbur shot up from his spot in the chair but was pushed back down by Eret. “Dinners at sundown, I don’t promise Fundy won’t eat your share if you’re late.”

Tommy nodded as he unlocked the gate and ran out. “Thanks Eret!”

“Close the gate after you leave!” Fundy yelled after him as he made his way down the alley. Tommy didn’t listen as he ran out of the tight and familiar brick alleyway he lived in with his pack. Taking to the streets like he owned them. Because what else was a fifteen year old supposed to do?

Tommy grumbled as Wilbur clung onto him like a koala. Making him stay in the middle of the nest while Eret and Fundy cuddled up next to him on the other side. “Stop moving Tommy.” His older brother said as he pushed a blanket onto them.

Tommy just yawned as he flipped the other off. “Like hell I’m cuddling you. I would rather cuddle the furry.” Fundy perked up at that from beside him. His tail flicking in interest. They were all half transformed.

Wilbur whined as he tried to pull Tommy closer. “Why!? What’d I do to not get Tommy cuddles?” He just rolled his eyes as his brother started doing puppy eyes.

Fundy grins as he snuggles closer to Tommy. "You ate his last baked potato, remember?" Tommy turns away from Wilbur as he makes it clear to get closer to Fundy. A shit eating grin on his face.

"He said he didn't want it!" Wilbur protests looking at Eret for help. She just shrugs her shoulders tiredly. Which just made him pout more. Cuddly bastard. "You know what fine! I'm cuddling Eret tonight." He said as he got up on his knees and climbed over both him and Fundy.

Fundy swatted the other and Tommy let out some very much made up curses. Wilbur flopped next to Fundy on the other side of the nest and wrapped his hands around Eret. Fundy moved to the other side of Tommy and moved so he was back in the middle of the nest. "Alright settle down now you three." Eret yawned as she wrapped an arm around Wilbur.

Tommy stayed still as he stared up at the stars. A clear sky shone above them. After around twenty minutes he sat up, knowing the others are fast asleep by now. A mischievous grin went on his face as he looked at them. Wilbur's hold is strong as stone but Fundy's is definitely not. He moved the other's hand as he stood up and stepped out of the nest. He walked over to one of the buildings and looked up. He quickly spotted a pipe and reached up for it.

He grabbed it and hauled himself up to the closest windowsill. Once on it he stepped out onto the other building's windowsill. Which was a bit higher than the one he was on. From here he could look over the gate. People never really came down this way. So no one was out. Tommy shifted over to the edge of the windowsill and jumped onto a house roof. He landed with a thud. He turned around to look at his friends, they were still sleeping. That's good.

Now free from their den Tommy ran across the stone rooftops. He was alone up here. It was quiet and safe. He made sure to get a bit away as he ran. Hopping the gaps when it came to it. After a bit he slowed down to a stop and sat down. He looked up at the sky once more as the wind started up. Moving his hair around. It was chilly here in Logstedshire. But it never snowed. Not like it did in Snowchester.

Tommy being the biggest man to ever exist had a plan. He'd do big runs of the market and save enough money to get him and the pack out of here. Move to Snowchester and buy a house near a lake. Maybe even get another pair of clothes but most importantly escaping this dump. He was born off these streets to a couple who didn't want him. They taught him how to survive before throwing him out.

That's where Wilbur found him. All those years ago. The werewolf had a soft spot for loud blue eyed blondes he suspected. For years now he was seen as one of the pack members. Even though he lacked the actual werewolf part. So he's going to get him and them out of here. To repay his life's debt to them. It's the only thing he can do. Save and survive.

“Get away from me!” A loud voice broke through his thoughts. Tommy looked over and around but saw no one. He stood up from his spot confused. Everyone should be asleep by now. “Leave me alone!” It seems like this guy didn’t get the memo. Tommy ran over to the edge of the house he was on and looked down. In the alleyway stood a cloaked figure. Three guys stopped his way out, and was that a knife!?

“Oh come on kid! We know you got at least some cash on you. Just cough it up and we’ll be on our way.” The guy with the knife said, smiling wickedly.

“I said I didn’t have any money!” The guy, who Tommy is realizing sounds around his age, said as he backed up more. Hitting his back against the wall. Right underneath Tommy. Okay now this was bad. He’s not even supposed to be out here let alone get into a scuffle. The guy raised his knife and Tommy dropped to his stomach.

He reached down into the alleyway and called out. “Jump kid!” The guy reacted fast as he looked up. He jumped and grabbed a hold of Tommy’s hand. He used his other arm to help haul the kid up to the roof. Which was surprisingly easy as the guy helped pull himself up.

“What the fuck!?” He heard one of the men say. “Jared give me a boost up!” Tommy and this random kid shared a look and got to their feet. None of them shared any words as they started to run. Jumping over the house gaps.

“Thanks!” The guy yelled as they ran and jumped into a different alley. The two boys scrambled to the wall to stay out of view.

Tommy breathed in and out heavily as he saw the three guys run over top of them, completely missing them. “No problem.” He huffed as he relaxed.

The kid walked out from next to the wall and lowered his hood. Revealing short brown hair and dark brown eyes. “I thought I was gonna get stabbed!”

Tommy eyed the guy and chuckled. “Well being on the streets at night will do that to you. You’re not from around here are you big ma-“ He stopped himself from continuing. He looked the boy up and down for a few seconds. “Uh, what’s your pronouns?” He asked instead. Because it’s always better to ask than assume. He’s lived long enough with Eret to know.

“Oh it’s he and him. Names also Tubbo! And I’m kinda from around here? I live just outside of Logstedshire.” Tommy hummed taking in the new information.

“That’s no man’s land is it not? Pretty fucking dangerous out there. Also it’s Tommy and he and him too.” Tubbo nods with a smile.

He smiled as he crossed his hands. “Better than fucking here! I mean I almost got mugged didn’t I!”

That caused Tommy to laugh. He liked this guy. “Ya you’re welcome for that! What’s those guys’ problems anyways? Plus who names there child fucking Jared!?” Tubbo burst into laughter at that.

The two spent a couple hours just talking in that alleyway. It was nice to have someone his age to talk to. And this Tubbo guy was cool. Even if he’s very short. Which the other would definitely disagree with. After a bit Tubbo sighed and turned to the front of the alleyway. “I have to go now. But how about we do this tomorrow? I liked talking to you Tommy.”

Tommy smiled and nodded to the other. “Sure thing big man. Meet back here?”

“Ya! Same time too. Goodbye!” Tubbo waved him off as he ran out of the alley. Putting his hood back on before exiting. Tommy smiled as he hauled himself back up onto the roof tops. Maybe Logstedshire wasn’t that bad as he once thought. At least if it meant he could talk with Tubbo more.

~>*<~

Tubbo climbed through his bedroom window yawning. The sun was just coming up by the time he got back home. He closed his window with a sigh. “Made it back in time.” He was grateful that he was faster than most in times like these.

It seemed maybe not fast enough as a knock came to his door. “Tubbo, it’s time to wake up.” A soft voice said from the other side of the door. The handle of the door moved as the door was being opened.

He started to panic as he still had his outside clothes on. He quickly unclasped his cloak and threw it into the corner of his room. “Don’t come in I’m naked!” He yelled as he kicked off his shoes.

The door instantly stopped. “Oh, sorry Tubbo.” The door was then closed and Tubbo practically tore off his shirt.

“It’s okay Niki!” He said back as he unbuckled his pants belt. He ran over to his dresser. He definitely didn’t trip over his pants that were around his ankles, not at all. He got out new, not dirty clothes and changed into them before kicking the rest of his clothes under the bed. “Okay I’m good!”

The door then fully opened to reveal his sire. Niki smiled at seeing him. “You’re up early.” Tubbo just smiled sheepishly as he walked over to her. “Phil is making breakfast. Come on before the two of them steal all of it.” She joked leading him out into the hall.

He just nodded and yawned as they walked. He could smell meat and blood all the way from his room. His mouth started to water as they made their way into the large kitchen. Phil was at the stove cooking while Techno lounged around the kitchen. Techno was drinking a deep red and brown mixture from a coffee cup. He looked over at their entry. “You’re up early. Usually it takes you a couple minutes to get ready.” He says.

Tubbo just shrugs as he takes his seat across the vamp. Techno eyed him down. Making him look away. “I checked your room last night because you forgot to close it.” Tubbo froze at hearing those words. Both Phil and Niki turned to the two. “Where did you go last night?” Techno sat up straight, his eyes a piercing blood red. “And don’t lie to me.”

“J-just out.” Niki walked over. She flashed her fangs at him.

She already seemed mad. “Where?” Niki said as she gripped the table.

Tubbo looked away from her as he fidgeted with his hands. “...To Logstedshire.” Niki banged against the table making him flinch.

“Tubbo! You know you’re not allowed there! You could have been seen by a hunter!” She yelled.

He put up his hands in surrender. “I wasn’t, I was careful! I just wanted to see what goes on over there!” He kept his mouth shut about Tommy and the almost stabbing. They didn’t need to know about that. Niki looked over to Phil as he filled up their plaits.

He caught her staring and shrugged. "He's your fledgling." The man said as he started setting up the table.

Niki sighed, rubbing her temples. "Tubbo...you're going to be the death of me I swear to the Void." Techno snorted at that and brought his plate closer to himself. "Oh you be quiet! You have no idea how hard it is to be a sire!" Techno just rolled his eyes as he began to eat.

"Can't be that hard. *You* just can't control your fledgling." Tubbo giggled as Niki sat down beside him. Phil sat next to Techno as they began to eat. Techno's comment was forgotten as they focused on breakfast. The smell of blood was heavy in the air.

Niki turned to look at him. "You're cleaning all the bathrooms for a week." She said with a stern voice.

"Oh come on!"

Chapter End Notes

First chapter done! My dream of writing a werewolf, vampire and witch fanfic is a complete go. This fic has been on my mind for awhile now. I've read other vampire fics and other werewolf fics and was like "I should make my own but instead of there only being one creature I have TWO creatures". Amazing I know. So original I should get a reward. Anyways-

I hope you liked this first chapter of The Crazy Trio Of Logstedshire. I crave comments so please if you have time leave some down below!

Tumblr: Soulless Fawn

Street Rat

Chapter Notes

Guess what! I got myself a beta-reader. (It's more like they found me) their ao3 is [Blueberry_Child](#). So go check them out. Let's get on with the fic!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tommy was a big man, the biggest! So when being stared down by a very pissed off Eret and Wilbur he definitely didn't shrink in on himself. He did not! "Tommy I'm going to say this once, where did you go last night?" Eret said as they eyed him down, canines showing as his lip pushed up in a snarl.

Tommy just twisted his hands together and scowled. "I didn't go anywhere! How the fuck am I even supposed to leave when you lock the gate every night? Ever think of that Eret?" He shot back, trying to make it believable.

Wilbur took a step closer, getting in his face. "You had someone's scent on you when we woke up." He stated like one would read from a book, as an inarguable fact. "Don't lie to me." Tommy glared up at him silently in response.

If he'd taken the time to remember that his family has a heightened sense of smell, he would've stayed out a bit longer until the scent filtered off of him. As he didn't have it himself, Tommy had no clue he smelled of the boy he met last night, Tubbo.

Fundy sat in a chair watching them, ears tilted down from the yelling going on. Despite his discomfort, he stayed quiet. He knew better than to talk over Eret and Wilbur while they were in one of their moods. "I'm not lying--"

"You are!" Eret burst out, causing a whine to escape Fundy. After hearing that, he turned his head to check on the other. Eret sighed out deeply after taking a calming breath. Turning back towards Tommy, Eret seemed more relaxed now. "Wilbur, go take Fundy out. Maybe you guys can find something cheap for breakfast, nothing over ten coins." He ordered.

Wilbur took one last look at Tommy before backing off. He turned to their alpha, then back to Tommy. "Okay." He replied with a nod. "Fundy, let's go." He called behind him as Eret handed him ten silver coins. Fundy quickly shifted his wolf ears and tail away and stood, Wilbur following. Tommy shoved his hands into his pockets as he watched them go.

Eret turned back towards him with a frown. “You know the rules Tommy,” she stated. Tommy just huffed as he walked over to the now empty living room, sitting down and facing one of the red brick walls of the den.

“Tommy, all I ask is that you be honest with me. Do you even know how dangerous it is here—“

“Of course I know!” Tommy yelled, spinning to face Eret. “Of course I fucking know how much of a dump this place is! How people are on the streets because it’s too much money to care for another person! How people will kill for a little bit of cash! Don’t act like I’m a child who can’t see the real world for what it is.” He snaps, earning a sigh as Eret stared out at the gate.

“Then why did you leave the den when you *know* you can be cornered? And don’t act innocent, we both know you snuck out.” She said sternly. Tommy huffed as his eyes flicked over to the pipe he’d climbed last night.

He took a breath in and tried to relax himself. There’s no room to argue with Eret. They're patient, and unlike Wilbur, won’t go easy on him. Tommy cursed himself internally for not trying to wipe off the scent from Tubbo. There’s no winning here. “It’s suffocating.” He said plainly.

Eret tilted their head to the side. “Go on,” They said, prompting Tommy to explain himself.

Tommy gazed out at the bright blue sky and frowned. “It’s always ‘Tommy stay within our territory’ and ‘Don’t go alone, wait for one of the others to go with you’. It’s fucking suffocating! I just wanted a night to be by myself. Okay? That’s all.”

Eret sighed as he walked over and sat down across from Tommy, trying to catch his eyes. Tommy kept his eyes on the sky. “You know it has to be this way, I’m sorry. But Logstedshire isn’t a place for a pup.”

“I’m not even a real pup Eret.”

Eret growled at the comment, not liking the tone Tommy had.

Eret stuck their hand out and took Tommy’s in theirs. “Don’t speak like that. You are and forever

will be my pup. Even if you're human. You're *my* pup, don't misunderstand that. But Tommy, you can't just leave without any of us knowing. I'll talk to Wilbur and Fundy about you going out more on your own, but we have rules for a reason. You can't go around breaking them. Alright?"

Tommy let his eyes drop from the sky to look at Eret.

"Fine." He said, secretly happy the other didn't ask about whoever he had been with last night.

The market was different when you weren't running it. When you were looking at the stalls and not if a person's wallet would be an easy grab. It was like a different world and it always freaked Tommy out to some extent. The tall buildings and the people were different when he wasn't wearing a cloak.

Instead of hiding away in dark alleys, the sun shined on his face as he walked across the sidewalk. Instead of angry and shouting people who ran after him, they were normal everyday workers. People with families far from his own. "Where are we going?" He asked for any of his pack members to answer.

Wilbur just smiled and pointed down the street. "For a walk."

"No shit. But where is this walk leading us? Or are you finally getting rid of amazing ol' me?" He asked, earning a surprised squawk from his older brother.

Fundy shook his head as he walked up ahead. "You said you wanted to go out more, so we're going out." Tommy raised an eyebrow at the not very good answer to his question.

Eret just turned his head from up ahead with a smile playing on his lips. "You'll see when we get there." He said, turning back to face wherever they were headed. Wilbur just entangled his hand with his and faced forward.

The reason he was so confused is that they didn't go out as a group very often. Someone had to be at the den to make sure no wandering asshole stumbled upon their home. It was usually Eret, with Wilbur and Fundy being the ones to go out with him on things. After a bit more walking Tommy notices many people around, people who looked a little more like him rather than the people they usually pickpocketed.

More people around them were wearing ragged, clearly unfitting clothes and had faces less clean than typical of others in the city that he was so used to seeing. Tommy glanced at Eret, questioning why they were down this way but didn't voice anything. He kept his eyes flickering around them, making sure they themselves weren't the target of someone looking to dip their fingers into your pockets and make off with anything of value. "We're here," Wilbur announces, nudging him.

Tommy looks up at him then at the surrounding area once more. "Where the hell are we?" He asks. It was clearly a market place, but one he hasn't seen before. Were they all running this place? Why didn't Wilbur have them take their cloaks with?

Fundy turns with a grin. "At a market. What, are you going blind or something?" He snickers as he jumps away from Tommy trying to hit him.

"I can see that, bitch! Why are we here!?" Tommy shouts as Eret winds an arm around his waist to keep him from running after Fundy. He growls, swiping at the older werewolf again anyways and earning a laugh from the three adults.

"Let go of me!" He yells as Fundy disappears into the market. He could practically feel the shit-eating grin on the other's face. Eret lets him go and he stumbles forward, but catches himself before he falls right on his face.

He glares over his shoulder at them with as much disdain as he can muster. "To answer your question," Eret says as he ignores the very dirty look Tommy's giving him. "we're here to get a scent marker." He says.

Tommy pauses his glaring for a moment, straightening up as he stares at them in confusion. He's heard of scent markers, just never cared to find out what the hell they were.

Wilbur continues the explanation, pointing at both him and Eret. "A scent marker is what werewolves use to mark a new pup, or in your case, a human so they can always find them again." He says in a whisper, as they were all still in a public area.

"So it's a fucking leash." Tommy says, crossing his arms. The last thing he wanted today was to get collared.

Wilbur's smile falls as he shakes his head. "It's nothing like that!" He says as he moves forward,

so others won't hear him. "Werewolves smell like their pack, we can pick each other out of a crowd. But you, you're human Toms. We can't smell you out of a crowd. And you said it yourself that you wanted to go off on your own more."

Tommy just scowls, still not liking the idea. "What does this scent marker thing even look like?" He says instead, wanting to move on. Maybe if he takes a run for the den he won't have to get this scent marker thing.

Wilbur smiles fondly and looks over at the market. "It's an assortment of stuff made into a small clip. Scents that contrast each other so much there's no way someone else would smell like it." Wilbur says as he takes Tommy's hand. Turning to Eret, the man gave him a nod before they went off into the market. Well there goes his plan to run off.

This market was different. Not because it was filled with street rats like him but because it was a very open space. No long corridors, no dips into alleyways. Easy to spot someone. Tommy groans as he's tugged along to another small shop. Eret was holding a lot of small to medium sized items, all of which smelled pretty good but blended into a strange scent. He guessed one of the three werewolves would be making the thing themselves.

Fundy was just completely gone. Even with Tommy's tall stature it was hard to see over a crowd, especially when the only people you could effectively see had to be taller than you. As he was basically the tallest fifteen year old to ever walk Logstedshire, that's a hard feat. Only Eret and Wilbur meet that criteria.

"Where's Fundy?" Fundy was good at running the markets, even if he never called it that. Instead it was 'trickery'.

"Probably stealing." Eret says simply. "The guy can't keep his eyes off shiny things. It's like he's a crow or something." Wilbur chuckles at the teasing and leads them over to another shop where he finally drops Tommy's hand to talk with the guy running the shop. Tommy looks over the various trinkets before turning his attention elsewhere. He's bored and would rather be practicing his parkour in a deserted alleyway or something.

He's scanning the crowd for something to entertain himself with when he spots fluffy brown hair with matching dark brown eyes. It wouldn't be anything new if it wasn't for the fact he knew the guy who stood a bit away at a different shop.

“Tubbo?” He whispered. He had his cloak on, but his hair was poking out and it was so clearly *him*.

It seemed like the shorter boy heard him as he turned his head, staring in his direction. Tommy smiles and waves. Tubbo doesn't, instead visibly tensing up and looking the other way. Tommy noticed he was staring at another cloaked figure. They were tall, probably around the same height or taller than Wilbur. Due to the cloak and the distance, that was all he could really see. Tubbo took a slow step back. Then another and another. Tommy then realized he was sneaking over to one of the crowds.

Tommy glanced at Wilbur and Eret. They were haggling prices, distracted for the time being. Tommy took a step back. He held his breath, shoving his hands in his pockets. He took another step back, keeping his eyes on his family. Wilbur was fast, so fucking fast. And Eret, even if Tommy would never admit it because he has a reputation to uphold as the strongest man in the pack, was stronger than him. And, well, he's not supposed to be sneaking away.

Once he gets a few paces back he turns and sprints right into the crowd around them. He's already accepted that he's going to be in trouble, but he won't go far. They shouldn't be too mad with him. After making it into the crowd Tommy keeps his head low, watching for Tubbo. They'd really hit it off last night, and had even made plans to meet up again.

Tommy didn't have friends. He had people who felt bad for him, who looked down upon him and tossed him scraps. But never an actual friend. Never someone his age. It wasn't like kids weren't on the streets. Logstedshire was a hot spot for the poor and rich. Never people in between. Either you could pay for a house and have a family or you were going through garbage for food and were on your own. But it was easier for kids his age to be alone. To not gang up with other people his age.

When you're alone you only have to provide for yourself. When you have friends, a family, you have to split a meal hardly meant for one. Tommy's a hypocrite. He knows this. He has a family, he shares meals with them every night. It was never easier though. Not with the late nights he's spent crying because all he wants is clean *water*. To have a place to sleep that doesn't smell like dirt and soot. He could survive on his own. But he would rather cry over a glass of water than cry over being alone.

Tommy's suddenly yanked forward. He has half a mind to yell. But as he stares at Tubbo, he shuts his widening mouth. “Tubbo,” He whispers, careful not to yell. Wilbur and Eret would hear him if he did.

“Tommy,” Tubbo replies just as quietly. Tommy could hardly hear the other's voice. “Didn't think I'd be seeing you here.”

“Same goes for you.” He shoots back. Slowly, Tubbo led him a bit more away from the market, where the people dwindled to almost none nearby. Tommy noticed that his eyes keep shooting back to who he was with before. They turn the corner and tuck themselves against a wall.

“I thought you lived in no man’s land. Why are you back here already?” No man’s land is dangerous. Making multiple trips like Tubbo’s doing is plain stupid.

Tubbo smirks and crosses his arms. “I’m just that special,” he states. Tommy rolls his eyes as he leans against the brick wall. Now that he’s looking at Tubbo in the light he realizes a few things. One, Tubbo’s clean. No muddy fingernails and no dirty cheeks. Obviously not from around here. But he would have thought Tubbo would have looked worse. Second, Tubbo either steals from the rich or he’s rich himself.

His cloak was pretty plain. But the silver stitching at the edges of it can’t be ignored. What also can’t be ignored was the small ruby earring that’s on his right ear. Tubbo catches him staring and chuckles. “Yeah, not my colour, is it?” Tubbo says gesturing to the earring. “I like green better.”

Tommy looks closer at the stone. If he was really into stealing and surviving he would knock Tubbo out and pawn the thing. But something about Tubbo is making him rethink that. How he stands like he’s one of the people here yet is clearly well off. “Why didn’t you get green then?” He questions, gaze flicking out at the people passing by. He doesn’t feel like making an enemy out of a potential friend.

“Oh I didn’t choose it!” Tubbo says, letting his hands fall to his side’s. “It was a gift from my si—” Tubbo stops mid-word, eyes going wide. Tommy peers at him. That was strange. “From my sister,” He carries on nonchalantly, “She picked it for me a couple years ago.” Tommy nods, storing that information in his mind for later.

Between the two, Tommy’s wondering why Tubbo’s staying around. Why hang around one of the country’s many street rat kids? “So why are you here anyways? You kinda look out of place in a cheap street market.” He says, a smile pulling on his lips.

Tubbo mirrors him and leans against the building wall, turning so he could keep facing Tommy. “Wanted to explore. You know, get out of the house and everything. You?”

“Same, but I guess home followed me.” Tubbo raises an eyebrow, opening his mouth to say something, but stops as his eyes land on something behind them. Tubbo closes his mouth and

straightens, eyes widening into an alarmed look. Tommy also pushes off the wall. “What is it?” He asks. Tubbo doesn't answer, looking like he's just seen a murder.

“Tubbo.” A deep voice calls from not too far away. Tommy turns to meet a cloaked figure, the same one Tubbo seemed to be sneaking away from. Tommy eyes them up and down, finding that they looked rather wealthy as well. He takes note that the newcomer's cloak is embroidered with the same silver thread as Tubbo's is.

It's Tommy's job to scan people quickly, needing to find out what he could grab and run before the other even noticed he was near, so the stitching wasn't the only thing he noticed. Tommy also noticed how they held themselves, like the stuck-up pricks down near the more expensive markets. “Who the fuck are you?” He blurts out without thinking. Please don't tell him this was Tubbo's dad or some shit. He hates parents. Worse than the shopkeepers in his opinion

The person turns their gaze to him. Now Tommy noticed their eyes. They were a weird brown colour, borderline red.

“Techno. Who are you?” He asks with a false kindness.

Tommy scoffs and crosses his arms. “Like I'd tell you.” Tubbo startles and grabs his arm. Tommy turns toward at the shorter boy, frowning. “What?” He asks. The look Tubbo's giving him was like he's doing something very wrong.

Tubbo stares at him then at whoever this was. “I was just going to come back so we could head back home,” He says with a smile just as fake as Techno's. Tommy feels like he's missing something.

“I'm not in a rush.” Techno responds, taking his hood off with a smirk on his face. “Who's this friend of yours?”

Maybe it was the way he said it, or how the smirk came off as more of a warning than it should have but Tommy didn't like standing so close to this guy anymore.

Tubbo pushed Tommy a bit behind himself as if reading his mind, clutching his hand tightly. “Just someone I met,” He counters. “But we should probably get going. See you later—” Tubbo tries to say his goodbyes when Techno puts his hand on his shoulder, cutting him off. He squeezes his shoulder.

“It’s not even mid-day Tubbo. I’ll just tell Niki we picked up some food.” Tommy swears the other’s eyes just flashed red for a second. But before he could register what happened and dismissed it as the lighting, Techno went on. “She wouldn’t be mad, nor would Phil.” Techno eyes travel up and down him.

Tommy doesn’t like this creep. “This your father or some shit?” He spits out, locking gazes with the man.

“No, a family friend,” Tubbo answers. “And I’m not hungry, Techno. So we don’t need to pick up food,” He grits out through a clenched jaw. “Honestly, we should get going.”

“He said you could stay a bit.” Tommy says. He really doesn’t want to go back to getting dragged around the market. Even if it means hanging around this guy, he’s fine with that. “Also what kind of fucking name is *Techno* ?” Tubbo facepalms as Techno narrows his eyes at him.

“What?” He says, standing like he was just about to leave, even though he said Tubbo could stick around.

“You heard me,” Tommy grins brightly. “It sounds like something a rich fuck would name there first born son or something.” He’s not one for being friendly with adults. He never needed to be until Eret, Fundy and Wilbur came into the picture.

Techno just stares, an odd look crossed his face. “How did you meet Tubbo?” He says instead of answering him.

Tommy shoves his hands into his pockets. “Yesterday night—“

“I think that’s enough talking!” Tubbo says loudly. “Tommy, why don’t we talk another time? When it’s just the two of us.” He adds on more quietly.

Techno takes a step forward, towering over Tommy as he bends over. “You’re interesting,” He states, eyes filled with an emotion Tommy couldn’t place. Just like he couldn’t place how Tubbo was feeling. The both of them were very weird. “Maybe Tubbo could invite you over some time, if you two are friends.”

“Sure.” He says. Tommy knows Wilbur would never allow it. But he could maybe get Fundy on his side and pester Eret about it. “I have to go now anyways.” He totally forgot that Eret and Wilbur are probably looking for him. “See you later, I guess.” He waves the two off. With the strange interaction done and over with, he walked back in the crowd of people.

What he couldn’t see going on behind him was Tubbo’s scared expression and Techno’s tilt of the head, both sets of eyes watching him go.

Chapter End Notes

And so they meet! I’m so happy with their chapter. I don’t know if anyone noticed but when Techno was talking about food he meant killing Tommy. But then Tommy seemed to land an expression on him so he decided against it. Plus with Tubbo trying to leave was him trying to protect his friend.

Hope you all have a good day/night. Soulless Fawn is out!

Careful Lies

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Tommy glanced around the crowd of people, trying to spot two very tall werewolves that are probably going to ground him in the next few minutes. The noise and the commotion of everyone has him turned around as he tries to find the others. They had to be somewhere-

“Boo!” Tommy screams as he whips around, hand clutching his chest tightly. Knuckles turning paper white as he looks behind him. Then just as quickly as he was scared he groans and flips off the person laughing his ass off behind him.

“Fundy!” He yelled, hands going into his pockets. “What the fuck man!?” Fundy just puts his hands on his knees as his laughter dies down. Evil little smirk plastered on his face.

He wipes at his eyes as he straightens up. “Wow, you should have seen your face!” He dodges a hand as Tommy tries to swipe at him. Fundy just moving out of arm's length.

“I made no face, I was straight faced, you didn’t scare me.” Tommy goes right into denying this obviously wrong accusation. “Big men don’t get scared by short fury’s.” He said, glaring daggers into the older man.

Fundy just rolled his eyes at him. “Uh-huh, sure! Ya totally wasn’t a scream, the big Tommy doesn’t scream.” He says chuckling.

“Exactly!” Tommy nodded. “Or flinch.”

“Or flinch.” Fundy agrees as he starts walking off. Tommy hurry’s after him, not wanting to be caught alone. “Where’s Wilbur and Eret?” Well shit.

“Close by.” He says, looking over the sea of people. “They uh, told me to come find you.” Fundy turns his head to look up at him, mouth drawing into a thin line.

“So you snuck off.”

“I did not!” He lies, hoping that his skills at lying are as good as he is tall. “I don’t lie. I have never lied in my whole life, Fundy. I’m an honest man, a man of my word, I keep the lies away-“

“You’re a horrible liar.” Fundy interrupts. “How long were you away for?” He asks, pulling a pin out of his pocket and looking it over. No doubt that it was stolen.

Tommy huffs as he hunches over. “...not long.” Fundy raises an eyebrow. “I swear! Just snuck away for a bit, not like an hour or some crap. I’m not stupid.” The other hums as he puts the pin back in his pocket.

Fundy takes his hand in his, making it Tommy’s time to roll his eyes at the other. “You don’t need to do that.” He mumbles underneath his breath. He holds onto the other nonetheless. Fundy might be the most relaxed of his three family members but he’s still a protective bastard.

“It seems like I do if you intend to keep sneaking away.” Fundy says back, chin moving upwards to sniff at the air. “This way.” He said after a beat of silence. They move across the crowd easily. If you looked like you weren’t going to move, literally everyone else will for you.

Tommy scoffs as he’s tugged around like a rag doll. “Say....Fundy?” The other hummed, eyes trained on his surroundings. “What if we made a deal?”

The wolf paused, turning his head slightly to look at him. “What kind of deal?” He asked, lips turning into a thin thoughtful line.

Tommy didn’t know much about his family’s past. He never cared to ask, knowing that it wasn’t pretty. Just like him, they never asked him too serious of questions about his own life. It worked out, they were living now after all, or in the past. But something everyone knew about Fundy was he was a deals person out of the street. He never cared for money, he cared for favours. Because in the world they lived, favours were as valuable as a life.

Fundy has lots of favours, some he’s shared, some he keeps to himself. Tommy sometimes wonders what he had to do to get certain favours, but never asked. “You say I was with you the whole time so I won’t get into trouble.” He states, staring down the other. “And I’ll owe you a...”

The words burn to leave his mouth, throat constricted with each syllable. He knows Fundy, yet he can’t find it in himself to say the actual last word. Favours to people who live outside of shiny and

clean houses are everything. There worth *lives* out here. Tommy had only ever owed a favour to one person in his life and he'd never forget it.

Fundy smiles though, kind and friendly. "Sure." He replies easily. Tommy's shoulders relax as they keep on walking. The shadow of a voice in the back of his head rings out in alarm. That he shouldn't be owing people favours. But if he's being honest? He rather owe Fundy a favour then go up against Eret's and Wilbur's wrath a second time that day.

The sound of yelling is heard over the busy crowd and Tommy ducks his head a little lower. "You better not rat me out."

"Wouldn't hope for it." Fundy says easily. "Wilbur, Eret we're over here!" Fundy calls, drawing the attention of two very panicked werewolves.

The moment they get a break in the crowd and catch each other's eyes Wilbur and Eret are running over. Tommy can't help but see the small bag that Eret was holding as they ran over. "Tommy!" Wilbur yelled, instantly cupping his face the moment he got close enough to do so. "Where did you go!?" He growls out, eyes scanning him for injuries that just weren't there.

Tommy bats his hands away, trying not to be smothered by the man. "I'm fine!" He says, looking at Fundy.

The other got the point of the stare and cleared his throat. The two looked to him, waiting. "I took Tommy with me around the area. Pick pocketing lessons, how to steal from children." Fundy grins, teeth too sharp.

Tommy nodded along. "Yep, I learned a few more tricks." He adds on, to make it believable. Wilbur relaxes at that, but Eret still keeps his frown on his face.

"Really?" He asks, looking at Fundy. "Tommy was with you the whole time?" Fundy nods, shrinking back from his alpha's stare.

"Yep!" Eret relaxes up at that, turning their gaze to the crowd.

"Alright then." He says, holding up the small bag. "We got everything we needed, we should be heading back before sundown." The rest of them quickly agreed, huddling together as they headed

out. The four of them walked slowly out of the main market area, there really was no rush for them.

As they walk Tommy can't help the feeling of cold eyes on his back. They're not there forever, but they return over and over again like he's a spectacle. He takes a glance behind himself, only seeing people. But then he notices them, the scanning eyes, the friendly but stern demeanor, the hands on sword hilts. It's hard to miss, if you know what you're actually looking at. "Eret." Tommy says, looking over at her. His wavering voice is caught easily as the three quiet down. Turning their attention to him.

"Ya?" Eret says. Completely unaware of how close they are to danger.

Tommy sucks in a harsh breath, thinking over his words. "I see hunters, down behind us." The group immediately stiffened at his words. Eret grabs onto his hand, Fundy taking a few steps forward as Wilbur puts his hand on his abdomen. Frowning as he looked behind them.

Eret kept facing forward. Looking as calm as she could with them aprotching. Tommy used to love the hunters. They protected the people of Logstedshire from the creatures that lurked in the moonlight. But after being with the very same creatures that the world coined as evil Tommy realized the truth. They don't protect the people. They kill innocents and get paid by the rich to pretend they're doing justice.

The ones that get away are lucky but forever scared. Because no one escapes the hunters without them leaving a permanent mark. "We split up." Wilbur says, eyes trained on any alleyway they could get out of.

"No, no we're not." Eret says immediately. He grabs onto Wilbur's shoulder, making him stay near. "We're getting out of here *together* and *today* ." He promises. Tommy can't tell if he's talking to himself or the pack. But it calms him down either way.

"Then what's the plan?" Fundy asks, taking the lead in leading them away and around people.

"Head towards one of the alleys that lead to the main road near our center of territory." Eret says, speeding up. "Don't look back at them, if we're lucky they'll pass us by."

The harsh breathing beside him is worth noting, but Tommy couldn't focus on it well. His heart was starting to race while his hands became sweaty. He knows he's not in any real danger, he's not

a werewolf. But he's seen the damage they could do. He wasn't afraid for himself, he was afraid for his family. "They're getting closer." Wilbur says, voice already strained. "Eret--"

"We'll be fine." He reassures quickly. "Just stay close, we're almost there." Eret's hand travels down Wilbur's shoulder and to the mid of his back, pushing him forward. The alleyway they need to go down is in view, and Tommy finds himself speeding up a bit. He wonders why today of all days they were out patrolling and wonders why they had to be here for it. He's just glad there almost to the alley, there almost home-

"Excuse me." Tommy's heart drops to his stomach. The group pauses as a whole at the voice, firm with fake kindness. If both Wilbur and Fundy flinch more than actually stop, no one points it out. Tommy turns to the side, watching as Wilbur's frown goes deeper and he looks at him. His eyes are watery, like he's about to cry.

"Yes?" Eret answers the woman, hands tightening around his own. Tommy can't bring it in himself to lift his head and look at her.

He could see her from the corner of his eye though, the iron blade that sat in her hip along with her armour. Most would call her a guard, he calls her a murderer. "Sorry to interrupt you guys." She starts off, voice cheerful. "I just wanted to ask if you've seen any suspicious people around? There have been sightings in the area recently, also cattle going missing down near the outskirts of town."

Cattle going missing? At that Tommy lifts his head, eyes meeting another set. He shrinks back, Eret pushing him behind them. "I'm sorry mam but we've not seen anything suspicious." Tommy ignores the urge to correct the other. Of course they've seen suspicious people. Literally all of Logstedshire is suspicious, with people with cloaks and the many alleyways darted around the place.

He holds his tongue though, not wanting to draw attention to himself. "Oh, well thank you anyways. If you do see something don't be afraid to head to the guard centre, any and all information is appreciated." Eret doesn't bother to say anything else as the woman walks away.

Instantly the air clears and they all relax. Tension breaks like a thin string under pressure. "Go, go." Eret rushes them out of the area, so doubt internally freaking out. "To the alley, *run* ." It doesn't take a second later until Tommy's sprinting down the dark corners of Logstedshire. Both Wilbur and Fundy's eyes shine abnormally as they sprint past him.

Eret grabs his wrist and practically drags him around all the corners. It's hard to catch a breath as

they we've around the darkness. Tommy could hear his heart in his ears, which he doesn't think should be happening. His throat and chest hurt as he could taste blood in his mouth. He doesn't dare speak up or slow down. He knows, in the back of his head, that they're safe now. That they could slow down, but the thought of turning a corner and getting caught pushes him forward.

They break out near the main road, familiar roads and buildings in view. Fundy and Wilbur are across the road, panting as they wait for them. Eret hurry's them along to the other side of the road. Then and only then do they collapse onto the floor, panting like dogs. "Holy shit." Fundy breathes, griping onto the sides of his arms. "Holy *shit*."

"I know." Wilbur says, running his hands through his hair. "That was to close, to *fucking* close." He hisses out, eyes darting to him and Eret. "You two alright?"

The question was a simple one, yet Tommy couldn't get himself to answer. Instead he forces himself forward right into Wilbur's chest, clutching onto him. Arms wrap around him, holding him there. "Oh Toms..." he hears. Tommy could feel that he was shaking, but blames it on Wilbur anyways. He can't be shaking, it wasn't his life that was in danger.

A hand presses against his back, rubbing soothingly. "Come on, we gotta get to the den." Eret says softly, urging everyone to start on moving. Tommy pulls away, feeling arms help him to his feet.

"I'm okay." He breathes out a moment later as they start heading home. "That was...just too close."

"Ya." Fundy agrees, leading the way back home. "They're not supposed to be out now..." He could hear the other whisper. The comment has Tommy stiffening. He doesn't know the routines of the hunters, or where they patrol. But Fundy does, Fundy knows them like the back of his hand. So for him to be caught off guard has Tommy worrying. This isn't good...

The den was quiet after the day they've had. Wilbur and Fundy stayed next to him through the rest of it as Eret worked on the collar they insisted on clipping to him. Tommy doesn't know if the two stay with him for his benefit or their own. Either way no one complains. They skip dinner that day, half because they want to save money and half because they don't want to leave the den anytime soon.

Tommy doesn't complain, doesn't talk back and once it's time for bed he settles in without issue.

After the long day Tommy and the others had he would have thought everyone would be asleep for the rest of the night. But he guesses they are not so lucky.

He's awoken half way through the night by a terrifying scream. The kind that you only hear in the darks of alleyways, only to be cut off mid scream. The screams that rattle your brain because someone has to be *dying* to make that kind of sound.

His eyes shoot open. His whole body jerks awake. Tommy scans the area quickly. Landing on the shaking form of his brother as he screams in his sleep. Tommy's heart was beating a mile a minute as he clutched onto the blankets underneath him. He's not the only one awake, Eret springing to attention and Fundy following suit. Eyes wide open and wolf-like ears up and alert.

Eret and Fundy look over to Wilbur. Who hasn't woken up. "E-Eret." Tommy says as Fundy moves closer to Wilbur.

"He's having a nightmare." They say wrapping their arm around his waist. Ears falling down to the sides. "Fundy will take care of it."

Fundy sits beside Wilbur, trying to get him to calm down. Hands resting on the other's arms. Not necessarily holding him down, just putting a bit of pressure. Wilbur's eyes snap open at the contact as he flares his arms out. He bares his teeth as his ears flatten down against his head. "Wilbur, it's Fundy, you're okay. No one is here, you're safe. It's only us." Fundy says in a soft but loud voice.

Tommy watches as Wilbur struggles to calm down. Tears welling up in his eyes before falling down like rivers against his cheeks. Eret watches too, making sure he doesn't have to step in. "No no please stop, please I'm sorry!" Wilbur wails as he curls in on himself. Tommy feels his heart shatter as he's left as a witness to his brother's pleas.

It's not the first time any of them had had nightmares or night terrors. But that never meant he was ready for when they came. Never ready to listen as they beg for something no person should ever in their life have to beg for. "Wilbur you're in the den, you're okay. No ones going to hurt you. You're safe, Wilbur, you're safe." Fundy goes on. Eyes flicking around his balled up form. "There's no hunters here."

Eret squeezes him closer. Going for a tight side hug as Fundy handles Wilbur. Who's whimpering out slurred and panicked pleads. Tommy watches as Wilbur clutches desperately to his abdomen. His shirt rode up his back as he shook and cried. Revealing a large but thin scar on his back. The only type of wound you would get from a blade.

Tommy thinks it took half an hour for Wilbur to become coherent enough to know he was safe. To not be struggling to breath. Eret covered his ears after Wilbur first yelled that he didn't want to die. He could still hear it though, even past the palms of his alpha. He used his own hands over Eret's. Shutting his eyes and trying to think of anything else.

Once the screaming stopped Eret took his hands away. Tommy opened his eyes to Wilbur curled up next to Fundy. Snot running down his nose as he wiped at his puffy red eyes. Fundy clung onto him back. Running his hands through the olders hair. "Sorry, I'm sorry." Wilbur whispered. Only for Fundy to shush him.

"No reason to be sorry." He muttered back. Wilbur looks up to meet his gaze. He reaches out and Tommy doesn't even give a second before he shoots forward into his arms. Wrapping his arms around Wilbur's neck.

"You're safe." He murmurs. He doesn't say anything else. He doesn't need to. Those two words hold enough weight on their own.

Eret joins the hug pile. Resting his chin on Wilbur's head. Tommy being tucked under him as Fundy sits right beside Wilbur. He wished people would understand that the creatures they hunt are only as human as they are. Having the question being, who's really *human* anymore? Because with everything Tommy's seen, he has no clue.

Chapter End Notes

Aw yes I'm back, vampires and werewolves my beloveds! Plots moving along nicely I have to say. What y'all think of this chapter? Was it worth the wait? (Probably not as I took an ass of a long time writing this-)

Anyways I'm glad I got this out. There's a part of the story I really want to right but I don't like to jump all over so I have to wait until we get to that part to write it. Why do I do this to myself? No one really knows.

Fawn out!

Five Strings

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

It's dark, cold and damp. Tommy curls in on himself more as he stares at the cart that's on the road. It's been parked for awhile, a man that smelt like alcohol having left into the bar. His stomach growls and he finds himself moving towards the cart without thinking. Maybe there was something in there that he could have. A coin, or even a blanket would be nice.

His sore feet past puddles as he made his way over to the cart. The horse that was there paid him no mind. Only shaking his main once and awhile to try and get the water off of himself. Tommy wished he could do that, but the rain was too heavy and the water made his hair stick to his forehead. No doubt he will be sick by the end of the week.

The cart had a big tarp over it, covering up what looked like a crate of some kind. People were coming down the road, so Tommy hurried up and climbed into the back of the cart. Hiding underneath the tarp from passersby's. He peaked out a couple seconds later, watching as they passed him by.

He pulled the tarp down again as he turned to see what was in here. He froze after his eyes met bright yellow ones. Tommy's breath hitched as he scattered back, intending to climb back out and run. Because that wasn't a crate, it was a cage. A cage with a wolf in it, a very alive wolf.

The animal was laying down, tail tucked between its legs with its ears turned downwards. For some reason Tommy couldn't steal his eyes away from the wolves. His heart was beating in his ears as the wolf just licked his paws, not really caring that he was here. It looked...sad.

"...hi." Tommy spoke up softly, bright blue eyes staring into yellow ones. The wolf looked up at him, tilting its head. He kept his distance from the animal as he looked around. There wasn't much in the crate, to his dismay. "Get caught in the rain too?" He finds himself saying, eyes going back to the wolves.

The wolf lifted its head a bit more, staring right at him. He knew it couldn't talk back, but he at least could listen, right? "I got caught in the rain too." He mentions a second later. Curling once again into a little ball. "That's okay though, because mama will come back soon, with a towel hopefully."

Tommy could swear that the wolf nodded, like it could understand him. He giggled as he reached

his hand out towards the cage. "My name is Tommy." He said. The wolf looked startled by the fact he reached over to it, but licked at his hand anyways. "Eww!" He cried as he took back his hand. "You're gross!"

The wolf huffed, seemingly to roll its eyes. Then its ears perked and looked towards something on the cage. Tommy followed and spotted a latch. He got the idea quickly, the wolf wanted out. He bit his lip, looking back to where he entered from. "Don't...don't eat me or something? When I let you out, be good."

The wolf nodded, and so Tommy unlocked the cage. The wolf rushed forward, knocking the door open as it ran out of the cart. Tommy sat there bewildered for a second before he shuffled to where it jumped out from. "Mr wolf?" He questioned as he pulled the tarp away so he could peer out. The wolf wasn't anywhere to be seen, instead stood a boy.

He looked to be somewhere in his teens. Curly brown hair and dark brown eyes started back at him. The boy looked even worse than Tommy did himself, with ripped clothes and a dark red patch on his side that seems to grow bigger every second. Cuts and bruises littered his body from head to toe. The guy let out a stutter's breath as he turned to face him. "...thanks." He whispers, voice ruff.

Tommy tries to peer around him, still looking for the wolf that ran out. "Did you see a wolf?" He asked, trying to find the animal. At the mention of said animal the boy in the rain chuckled.

Tommy woke up to still be pressed against his brother's chest. Hands played in his curls as he laid on Wilbur. "Morning." Wilbur says calmly as he scratches at his scalp.

Tommy lifts his hand and smacks it somewhere into Wilbur. At hearing a grunt of surprise from the older he sits up. His eyes were still blurry from sleep, the sides of them crusted over from the night before. He rubs at them as Wilbur clings to his side. "Where are the others?" He asks, scanning over the den to see it was empty.

Wilbur sighs as he wraps his arm around his side, bringing him even closer. "They're scenting the territory." He says simply. He nods, letting his brother cuddle him for the time being. Eret had 'responsibilities' as an alpha. Tommy never understood them, never understood the need to scent their area. It wasn't like any werewolves were in Logstedshire anyways. Plus only crazy wolves lived in Logstedshire, it being a hotspot for hunters and everything in between.

That line of thinking does not excuse his family. If Tommy's being honest with himself, his family has to be the craziest of them all. "When did they leave?" He asks as he pushes off the other. Wilbur's had his cuddle time, it's *leave Tommy alone time* now. He could hear the other let out a whine as he moved out of their makeshift bed.

"An hour ago." Wilbur says with a huff, standing up with him. "They shouldn't be much longer." Tommy rolls his eyes as he heads for the gate. Wilbur sees this and lets out a low growl. He stops, turns and glares at the other. Wilbur's eyes are bright yellow, tail thrashing back and forth.

"What?" Tommy says, gesturing to the gate. "Scared of the gate?"

Wilbur huffs, takes a breath and lets his eyes turn to their normal brown. "Where are you going?" He asks instead of replying to his question.

"It's Saturday." He says slowly, gesturing to his freedom once more. It seems like Wilbur understands as he groans, hand going up to move his hair out of his face.

"*Tommy* -" The other starts as he begins to walk forwards.

"Don't *Tommy* me bitch!" He snaps, yet couldn't help the smile on his face. "You know what day it is, and even Eret said you can't be cranky about it!" Weekends we're Tommy's scout days, or field trip days as Eret loved to put it. When Tommy first started living with the other three he started picking up on a few behaviours.

Eret said it wasn't a good idea to have a human pup act like a werewolf one and so they started to do 'field trips' in hopes that he doesn't pick up too much of their behaviour. These trips included Tommy interacting with other humans, by himself. He's integrated himself into the many street teens programs.

It's just adults wanting to feel better about themselves by 'helping the poor' and 'saving the children'. But Tommy can't deny some of the programs were fun. Like the one he needs to head to today.

Wilbur takes a second to think over his words and groans again. "Can't you do it tomorrow?" He asks. "I don't understand your love for this stupid Saturday program. Plus with what happened yesterday." Tommy looks away from the other, already knowing he's making that sad pleading face he does.

“It’s even more important that I go then!” He argues back. “If I’m missing, when I *always* go, then it’d be suspicious. Right?” Tommy knows he has a point, and when he looks back to Wilbur to see him frowning, he knows he knows to.

Wilbur huffs, running his hands through his hair a final time. “*Fine*, but you remember the rules. I don’t need you getting hurt or in trouble or–“

“I know!” He says, smiling. “I’ll be careful, and if something happens I’ll call you.” The comment makes Wilbur let out a shallow breath, like Tommy leaving is physically painful for the older man. “I promise.” He says next.

Wilbur eyes him for a couple more seconds, something dangerous flashing in them for a second before he schools his expression. “Good.” He says, eyes now snapping to the small clip that rests on Tommy’s belt loop. It’s that damned collar he hated that out on him. Tommy doesn’t dare take it off though, not with what happened yesterday. “Now shoo, before I change my mind.”

He flips the other off as he runs over to the gate. “See you in the evening!” He calls as he clicks the metal gate shut. He hears a distant growl before he’s off down the alleyway. Tommy knows Wilbur could easily keep him here all day, that not even Eret could have him ease up. So to be let go so easily has him smiling wide.

Tommy only slows his running once he turns a corner after minutes of running. His chest is heaving for air as his eyes scan the opened space. Chatting and musical notes draws his attention to a specific part of the park, where dirty teens and to happy of adults lounge around. Saturday’s are when the music and arts program runs.

It’s also Tommy’s only source of artistic fun around here. He walks over to the group, a familiar face spotting him immediately. “Tommy!” A younger teen yells, eyes wide as he waves him over.

“Shroud!” He greets, jogging over to meet the other. While coming over he notices another familiar face next to the boy. Instead of a growing jaw line and deep almost black eyes, he’s met with a chubby cheeked face and bright grey eyes. “Clementine.” He says after he gets up to the two. “How do.” He tips his head low in a playful bow.

The other blonde grins, gripping the end of her shirt in a type of curtsy. “Good, good.” She giggles. “You?”

“Poggers.” Tommy replies in an instant. His chest doesn’t feel as tight as it did before, now it just feels weightless. Shroud and Clementine were around thirteen he believes, the two best friends even with them being complete opposites. Shroud was soft spoken, shy and had a love for the arts. Clem was more like Tommy himself, loud, energetic and with a love for music.

He had first met the two a year ago while digging through the garbage. He would be embarrassed about it if it weren’t for the fact he found them covered in trash and holding a garbage bag of their own dumpster diving treasures. The others were restless with the idea of him hanging out with the two, but after complaining Eret had said that it wasn’t a horrible idea for him to have human friends.

Even though they never ended up as friends, he liked the idea he was allowed to hang out with them. They were just the kids he hung out with when he’s here. They’re nice and it’s neutral ground. Out on the streets they’d kick him to the curb before he would ever kick them. It’s happened before, but he doesn’t blame them. “Wow I feel so loved right now.” Shroud speaks up from beside him.

Tommy snorts as he rolls his eyes. “You should, because I’m not going to say it.” The look on the youngers face makes both blondes laugh. With Tommy cackling and Clementine sounding like a hawk with her loud laughter. “Anyways, what are you two even up to?” He asks, looking over at where they were sitting.

On the grass is a clipboard with a paper on it, a pencil sitting beside it with a worn down drum. “I was practising my hand positions while Shroud sketched the tree over there.” Clementine spoke up, pointing off in the distance.

Tommy hummed, eyes going over to the large spruce. In the corner of his eyes he saw a bush shuffle and he paused. He slowly looked over, confusion tugging at his brain. It wasn’t windy out today, why had it moved-

“You gonna get a guitar?” She kept on saying, lowering herself to the ground so she could get back to her activity. “Someones probably going to nab it.” Tommy looked down at her, then at Shroud as he picked up his pencil ready to continue drawing. His mind was probably playing tricks on him, animals weren’t rare here anyways.

“Oh, ya.” He nodded his head, feet already moving to the section where the instruments are guarded by annoying adults with nothing better to do than babysit a bunch of homeless teenagers. He’s happy they do it though, if not then he’d be dumpster diving.

Tommy walks up to where his prized guitar lays on a fold up table. It's worn edges from kids dropping it and five strings are like gold to him. He had no idea what happened to the sixth string, it's missing appearance will forever be a mystery. "Oh, Tommy your back." A lady he doesn't care to know the name of says.

"Ya, I am." He says, hands already inching closer to his guitar. "I'm just going to sit with Clementine and Shroud, over there, with this guitar." He says, fingers curling around the instrument.

The lady smiles, tight and fake, but nods anyway. "Oh course." He goes to leave but she raises her hand for him to wait. "Are you going to stay for lunch?" She asks. Lunch, if he's being honest, was his favourite thing about this program. It's the only one that gives out free food. It's not the best, but it's certainly better than the cheap things Fundy finds.

"Of course." He says, like it's obvious. Before he's made to talk with her more he turns and heads over to the two others. He sits down beside them, hands finding their place on his instrument. He doesn't know if this is right, the teacher not showing up to the programs outside the first Saturday of every month. But he knows the cords, that's all he really needs to know anyway.

Tommy starts the five string tune he's trying to get right, accompanied by Clementine's drumming and Shrouds humming. There's not many teens here but the ones that are give them their space. They'll never call each other friends, because you don't do that here. He's seen Shroud on the streets before, like the day he met the two. The boy no matter how shy he was, isn't afraid to betray you if he finds out you have something he wants.

Clementine in her own way was worse, she fakes friendship to get your trust. Tommy knows for a fact they are both aware that their 'friendship' will end in tears, but no one says a thing. As long as it's not addressed, there's no betrayal, no promise of being alone. Tommy isn't a saint either, he's just lucky he hadn't had the time to be alone.

He thinks of Tubbo now, of his fancy clothes and clean face. And he wonders why he'd ever talk to him after the night they met. Tommy had nothing of value to the shorter boy, there's no reason to fake friendship. In his chest he knows it's not fake, and what they have isn't friendship per say, it's too soon for that, but he can't help but look out for betrayal.

Tommy closes his eyes as muscle memory takes over. Fingers crossing cords with ease. It's not good music in the slightest, but it's white noise, and he imagines that maybe one day what he plays will actually be a song.

The day passes on without a hitch, the sun setting at its normal pace. Tommy's half full for once, the hunger usually biting at him having retired for now. Teens slink back into the main city in waves, leaving the large park full of adults who clean up their stuff for the day. Shroud had already left, Clementine staying with him for now.

"Are you coming next week?" She asks in a whisper, once soft eyes turning dark. Tommy knows the real question. *Should I look out for you next week? If you're not here does that mean you're dead?*

"Ya." Tommy nods, looking down at her. "Are you?" She hums, hands playing with the hem of her hole filled shirt. He doesn't say anything about it, his clothes are no better.

"Shroud said he's moving on, to the richer side of Logstedshire." He steps to the side at that, turning to face her.

"Really?" Tommy asks. It's a bigger target in your head over in the richer areas, you don't blend in, and everyone sees you as an outsider there. There's no reason for it, the risk is never worth the reward.

Clementine looks at him with a tight smile. "Ya, said he's had enough of this place. I won't say I won't miss the guy, but it's one less mouth to feed." He hums all too understandingly. "See you around, you ass." She waves, walking off.

"Bitch!" He shouts back. And he's left alone, the adults not caring for his presence as they pack up and the teens now gone into their holes for the night. Tommy takes a deep breath as he sends one lady glance to the setting sun. It's still a blue sky, but he should really be heading out.

With that thought in mind he starts off towards the den. Tommy turns multiple corners, goes down multiple alleys, feet not stuttering in their pace. He knows his way around good enough to not need to think for a few minutes as he walks. And so he lets his thoughts wander, to where? He doesn't really know. He thinks back on the day, then to Shroud and his stupid decision to head inwards.

But it's not his place to say anything, so he leaves that thought quickly. It just makes him want to move himself, but he can't. Snowchester isn't a place to go on a whim, but it's where he plans on living when he leaves Logstedshire. Tommy just needs money, and he'll get it eventually, he

knows he will.

He stops abruptly after passing a corner. The feeling of eyes on the back of his skull causes him to take a few steps back. The feeling however doesn't go away. Tommy turns his head to the side, eyes scanning the dark cracks the buildings make. If the feeling was physical, Tommy would describe it as knives digging into his skin. It was horrible, persistent and numbing at the same time.

Tommy set his eyes on an alleyway right across the street from where he stood. It's too dark to see but he tries anyway. "Hello?" He calls out, wondering if something was really actually there. No reply. He shrugs and goes back to walking home. "Must be a street cat." He mumbled to himself.

He can't help the feeling of dread that clings onto his shoulders as his pace quickens and his heart sinks to his stomach. It was nothing, yet he hurries on home anyways.

Chapter End Notes

I wonder what that was about? Who knows, hehehehehe. Anyways, chapter four is here! And it's a lot less supernatural like then I thought it'd end up as, but oh well. My brain goes burr for this fic. We're getting into the thick of it soon, I hope your ready.

The Unexpected Saviour

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Tommy's not going to be the first one to point out the fact he's had a crazy week. First he met a boy, Tubbo, who he decides his pack members are never going to know about and is no doubtedly the weirdest kid he's seen here on the streets. He's met a lot of weirdos, but Tubbo and—Techno was it? Ya, Techno, those two take the cake for weirdos.

Second thing that threw his week into a crazy fit was the hunter that stopped him and his pack. Guards were a constant threat, but with well planned routes and strategies they were easy to move around. So to be caught by one was a big deal. Wilbur stuck closer to him, Fundy was more skittish and even Eret became harder with the rules.

The line *"Take Fundy or Wilbur with you."* Was starting to get repetitive and annoying. Eret had promised to do better with him being on his own yet it's like that whole conversation went down the drain with one small hint of danger. It was aggravating, Tommy kept reminding the pack of this fact, and soon as the week passed he was given back his freedom. Well as much of it as they would allow him.

The third and final thing however didn't stop after the week was over and he was done yet another Saturday program with Clementine. Shroud had kept to his conversation with the younger teen and left the two. Tommy did feel a little bad but overall didn't care enough to seek out the other for a proper goodbye.

The feeling of being watched was new and unwelcomed.

It started last week after his program and only went away when he got close to home. But the next day when he went to his second weekend program the feeling came back again. It felt like daggers were constantly scraping at his back, slow and painful. No matter where he turned or ducked, the feeling followed him.

Every time he found himself alone he could feel the eyes of a company he could never see. Tommy was surely going crazy, but as soon as he realised he might not be truly alone the feeling disappeared. Like it was never there in the first place. So he doesn't say anything, in hopes of keeping his freedom.

He's had a crazy and stressful week, and he doesn't want anything else but the familiar normalcy

of doing what he does best. *Crime* .

Tommy ties the cloak around his neck tightly, something he's done plenty of times before. It's light against his back, only giving him the illusion of safety. You can't be balky in what he's doing, you can't be slow. One slow step could lead you to the guard station, or worse.

"Are you sure we can't wait a few more days?" Wilbur asks their alpha, tightening his own cloak. "Or get Fundy to help?" He questions a second later. Tommy looks over at the older man, a frown on his face. He's about to shout back about him trying to get rid of him when Eret sighs, cutting his quickening mind off.

Wilbur pauses in his own train of thought, looking about ready to take everything back just to say it all over again. "I've said this before, Tommy's fine running the market. And Fundy doesn't know the alleys as well as you two, and I'm not that fast as a runner as you." She says, a soft but firm smile on her face.

"But you're faster than *Tommy* ." Wilbur insists. The sentence makes him bristle. Wilbur was a protective ass at times. He's not a dumb baby that needs to be coddled though, some whiny snott nosed brat that needs to stay home when his parents went out and made money. Bringing money was *his* job and he did it *well* .

He never understood Wilbur's caution, not when he's ran the market over a hundred times over the years. "That I am." Eret says, looking over at his frowning face. "But Tommy is better at running the market than I am. And even pups need things to do, how else are they meant to learn?"

Tommy finds himself grinning, shooting Eret a thankful look as Wilbur tries to find something to say. "But--"

"The times ticking boys." Tommy announces as he walks over to the gate. Fundy looks up from where he leans against it, sending a look over to Eret. Who he suspects gives the man a look back because he gets off the gate, slinking off to the side. He hears Wilbur let out a harsh breath and then his footsteps coming over.

"Let's get this over with." The ladder grumbles as he opens the gate. Tommy just struts out and heads down in the direction of one of the easier running spots. They weren't looking for a big pay out, just in and out. Enough to get through today and maybe tomorrow.

He hikes up his hood with familiarity as his eyes turn towards the ground. A rough but gentle palm is placed on his shoulder and he feels his body relax at the touch. "If anything happens, you call me." Wilbur's voice is dangerous, the kind that doesn't leave him shivering but promises brutality. The feeling leaves him leaning into Wilbur's palm, craving the affection of the owner of said hand and dangerous comment.

"I always do big man." He replied cheerfully, hand going up to squeeze the one on his shoulder. "I always do..."

Tommy frowned as he looked down at the few coins he was able to nab from the run, chest heaving as he slinked back into the alleyway. Five copper coins, that wasn't going to buy *shit*. He groaned as he shoved the money into his pocket, preparing himself to start another run. That lady looked fucking loaded from afar, he never thought she'd be a faker with the sense of a rich bitch.

He peeked out from his spot near the alleyway, eyes scanning for an easy job. Wilbur was set up near another street, Eret saying they needed more than just one person running for money. Which meant Tommy had at least an hour to show the other up with a haul so big it'll last them the week. He wasn't going to settle for just a few days, his family deserved more than that.

So with that firmly set in his mind Tommy spotted a man talking to a shop keeper, a coin bag resting on his hip loosely. *Perfect*. He grins as he walks over, hand a little stretched to the sides. The second he gets in rang his hand curls around the bags knot, and with practiced ease he pulls, the bag falling into his palm—

"Hey!" A familiar voice shouted across the crowd, Tommy gripped the bag and turned around, the man he had just stolen from doing the same, completely oblivious. A few feet stood the man from last week and beside him a guard. Tommy felt his blood run cold as the man pointed at him, an ugly smirk on his face as he shouted. "That's the boy, did you see it! He just stole from him!"

The guard and Tommy's eyes connected together, causing a deep shiver to go down his spine as the blood practically drained out of him. The guard pushed forward with narrowed eyes and his hand on the hilt of his sword. Tommy's feet moved before he could even command them as he turned and ran, more shouts ringing out across the crowd as he shoved the coin bag in his pocket.

"Shit shit shit shit *shit* !" The curses as he weaves between people, pushing past others. Of course the day he gets to go out on his own is followed up by a fucker recognizing him. What was with the guy anyway!? Couldn't he just get robbed in peace and leave Tommy alone!

No, because of course his life had to be difficult. “Get back here thief!” He hears the guard shout, voice booming. And most importantly *closer* than it was before. Tommy turns a tight corner, racking his brain over the layout of the area. There’s not many dead ends, he could probably loop around and escape backwards, giving him more time to find Wilbur. But if he got Wilbur then he’d be stuck up in the nest for who knows how long...

Tommy growls underneath his breath, a habit he had gotten from Eret. He snaps his eyes across the streets and shops, looking for any way to lose his chaser. He couldn’t call for Wilbur, that wasn’t an option here. He *couldn’t* go back to what it was after running into the guard before, it was too suffocating, too much.

The heavy clanking of armour and boots on the ground got louder and he snuck a look back, seeing the guard much closer then he was before. With his heart pounding loud in his ears Tommy ran down a narrow street, not many people were over here. He was getting tired, slower and he’s pretty sure he could taste blood.

He was going to get caught if he didn’t think of something soon. A chain fence came up into view and he smiled, speeding up the best he could over towards it. He clung onto the fence and quickly climbed up it, thankful that the gaps were big enough to fit his hands and the toes of his shoes. He could hear the guard let out a swear as Tommy hopped the fence.

He turned to see the man running closer and grinned. “Try climbing a fence in armour bitch!” He yelled before whirling around and sprinting off once more. He knows the guy was sure to catch up but the fence should buy him some time at least. He pushes past the few people here as he looks for a way to loop back. He huffs out a breath as he slows to a walk, trying to catch his breath.

It was his last and only mistake as a gloved hand grabs his wrist, pulling him back harshly. Tommy lets out a yelp as he stumbles backwards, eyes locking with the guy he stole from last time. “What the hell-“

He’s cut off by the guy wrapping his arm around his chest, twisting his hand upwards painfully. He lets out a hiss as he tries to tub away from the hold. “Don’t even try calling for that unholy beast! We’re going to wait here for the guard and you’re going to be locked up you brat!” Like the world just wanted to keep dumping garbage over him in a twisted endless circle the sounds of armoured footsteps drew closer.

Tommy freezes as the guard runs over, a smile on his face. Did they plan this!? The person holding him just tightens his grip. “Let me go you ass!” He yells, trying to maneuver his head so he could bite the guy in the arm. Or even to just get his footing back so he could kick the guy where it

hurt.

But no matter what he did he couldn't get out, locked against the gross smelling man. "Not so loud now, huh rat?" The guard said as he grabbed his hood, pulling his hair around with it. Tommy let out a yelp as pain flashed in his scalp.

"I can show you loud you ugly mother-" He's cut off once again but this time by the guard kicking the back of his knees, sending Tommy sprawling forward. The two let go, going on each side of him and essentially boxing him in. Dread carves its way into his aching limbs as he realizes what's about to go down.

Not many people are here and the few around are not going to say shit about a guard abusing his job to kick the living hell out of a street kid. Tommy scrambles onto his hands as he tries to get up and run, but he's swiftly knocked back down by a kick to the back. His face hits the ground, knees buckling from underneath him. His body aches as he lies there at the mercy of these two.

"He's the kid with the werewolf?" The guard asks, crouching down to grab his hood once again. This time however he tears it off, revealing his battered face for all to see. He instantly turns his face to the side to try and hide but it does no good now. Tommy bites his lip as the other hums, hands clenched into fists. "Well then he's an enemy of Logstedshire." He states with a wicked look in his eyes.

"The only enemy here is you bastards." Tommy growls, snapping his eyes to lock with the guards. "You and the rest of the rich who abuse your weak titles!" The guard frowns, hand drifting down towards the hilt of his sword. His eyes widen as his breath hitches in his throat. "Wait, no no no you can't!" He yells trying to push up to his knees.

The other man slams his foot down on the mid of his back, once again forcing Tommy to the ground. The guard goes to unclip the latch on his sword, watching as Tommy pleads to just *leave him alone*. He wishes Wilbur was here, wishes he called when he had the chance. "What's going on here?" A new voice joins in, soft and almost silent footsteps drawing closer.

The guard stands and turns to the newcomer, plastering on a fake smile as he lets his hands fall to the side. "Just arresting a thief, sir." He says smoothly. Tommy glares at him, biting the inside of his cheek.

"You were going to pull your sword on me!" He yells, drawing the attention of the new person.

It's then that he pauses, watching as the person walks sideways. Now without his vision being blocked by the guard Tommy sees a familiar face, one with reddish brown eyes. "I was using force, that's not pulling out a weapon." The guard snaps, gesturing for the other to stop stepping on him. Hesitantly the other does and Tommy flings himself to his feet, pulling his hood up and over his face as he does so.

Techno eyes him up and down, gaze locking onto his wrist. He looks down himself, spotting a hand shaped bruise already from Ivan around his wrist. That was going to look ugly in a few days, he's sure of it. "Tommy." Techno says, voice flat like this were just some inconvenience.

Tommy looks up at him, flinching back slightly at the look he's giving the man who had his foot in him. He didn't know why but Techno looked *pissed*, hand outstretched in front of him. "Come over here." He ignores the panic in the back of his head, the need to crawl under a rock and never come and instead steps forward. Taking the older man's hand.

This was someone part of Tubbo's family circle, so he had to be somewhat trustworthy. Plus he rather go with a complete stranger then stay with the two people who have the want to turn him into a meat on a stick. Techno pulls him forward, resting his other hand on his shoulder.

"Sir." The guard starts, taking a step forward. "This ra- kid, this kid stole money from this man and was caught stealing again earlier today. He needs to be taken into custody."

Techno's hand tightens around his own, causing Tommy to look up at him. Techno was frowning slightly. "He was going to stab me." He stage whispers, making sure the other two heard. They glare at him for that.

"Well I can't have that." The other says, head tilting a tiny bit to the side. "Do you have any proof that the kid stole something? Because if not then you're out of luck and I'll just have to take him from you." Tommy ignores the words as he watches the others look at each other. "...no?" He couldn't help but hear the lint in Techno's voice as he said that.

"He stole from me, spent all the proof he had." The smelly guy says.

Techno takes a step back, taking Tommy with him. "I'll be taking Tommy with me, as you two are obviously arresting a free man." The guard goes to speak up but Techno just raises his hand, shutting him up. "If you need to argue with someone I'm sure Philza Craft would be free to talk. He's usually so *happy* to meet people trying to arrest a family friend."

He doesn't know who this Philza Craft person is but he must be a big shot as the guard freezes in place, hands raising like he were pleading for his life. "O-oh, you know Philza?" He asks, the other does not even seem to care about the guy.

"It's Mr Craft to you." Techno says, sharp and loud. "And yes, like I said, family friends." Tommy doesn't know how to describe what happens next but the closest word he could come up with to describe what the guard did was *retreating*. But in all honesty it looked more like the guy had his tail between his legs as he dragged the other off with him back down the street corner.

He couldn't help but laugh as the two disappeared, letting go of Techno's hand in the process. "That was amazing!" He said, turning to fully face the other. "What the hell kind of person is Philza to get them to run like that? They looked like someone kicked their puppy." Techno just chuckled, hand finally leaving his shoulder.

The weird feeling to run didn't subside one bit. "Just a man with connections." He says, gaze once again back on his wrist. "How badly are you hurt?" He then asks, changing the whole subject.

Tommy takes a step back at the sudden change of topic. "I'm not hurt." He replies a bit too quickly to be truthful. The other shifts his weight and even with the cloak he had on Tommy knew he was giving him an unbelieving look. "I'm fine, really. No need to worry about a big man like me, I can handle myself."

"Then why is your wrist turning purple?" Techno shoots back, taking a step forward. "And your face is all dirty." He adds on, hand reaching over. Tommy side steps the touch, taking another step back.

Techno's hand pauses, hovering about where their skin would have touched if Tommy hadn't moved. He then retracts his hand back to his side, just choosing to stare at him. "Thank you for saving me back there but I'm honestly all good." He says, taking yet another step back. "I have to get going now anyways. Plus there are people waiting for me, I can't just leave them hanging. So I'm going to go."

The other straightens up, hands disappearing underneath his cloak. "Oh course." He nods, like it just occurred to him that Tommy wasn't alone. The thought sends a shiver down his spine. "I'll see you around then, Tommy." And with that Techno turns and leaves back the way he came, his fancy ass cape blowing behind as he goes.

Tommy scoffs, hand going to cradle his burning and sore wrist. "Ya, see you around." He whispers, watching as Techno disappears into the oncoming crowd. He gets the feeling even with

the distance separating them the other had still heard him.

Chapter End Notes

Ello ello my fantastic readers! I have given you guys the long awaited fifth chapter! I know it's been awhile (to long in my opinion) since I've updated. I have plenty of multi chapter fics as you all know but circling through them as I was doing before isn't really working anymore.

Also if you liked this chapter try checking out my

[My Tumbler <](#)

if you want to see my ramblings, au ideas and or just randomness I decide to post!

Back Alley Barrel

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

When Tommy meets up with Wilbur he feels all the stiffness and weight of the day release from his shoulders, mood instantly brightening. The feeling goes completely out the window the second Wilbur spots his purple splotched wrist.

“What the fuck happened!?” The other yells as he drags Tommy off down an alley. He quickly pulls away from the other, angling his body to hide his sore wrist from view. “Tommy, now’s not the time to not answer me.” Wilbur snaps, a growl creeping up his throat.

Tommy scowls, taking his wrist in one hand. He knew the other would be upset but he was *fine* . He wasn’t some annoying child in need to be scolded. He grew up on the streets, he’s had a lot worse than a hurt wrist. “It’s nothing to worry about.” He says, glaring up at the other. “I-I got my hand grabbed by someone who saw I stole from them, nothing important. I got away, end of story.” He lies, hoping his nerves won’t leak through.

If Wilbur knew what had exactly happened he’s sure all the new found freedom he’s had the few couple days are going out the window. That and he’s sure Will would want to know why a complete stranger helped him out, and Tommy’s not saying shit about meeting Tubbo.

“End of story?” Wilbur scoffs, taking a step closer and grabbing his arm, pulling it towards him. “This is why I didn’t want you outside the den, you’re *hurt* Tommy. Come on we’re going back and you’re getting looked over by Eret. This isn’t a place for a pup to go around on their own-“

Before he could understand the burning in his chest he tried to pull back from the other. “I’m not a pup!” He snaps, arm stuck in the other’s grasp. Wilbur’s hold is strong, yet still not constricting. It’s suffocating, really. “I know I’m like Eret’s pup or something and I’m your brother and Fundy’s but I’m not a *pup* . I’m not a baby, I can look after myself. So what that I got a little hurt? Wilbur, you’ve been through *worse* and you’re still here. Don’t fucking baby me.”

The moment the words left his mouth Tommy froze, breath hitching in his throat. There was one thing he’s learned to never talk about and it was the others’ past. Like his own, no one was owed an explosion. And for Wilbur he’s sat through enough night terrors to know to keep his thoughts to himself. He goes to apologize, take back his statement and do *something* . But all that comes out is silence.

Wilbur lets go of his arm then, taking a few steps back. He holds himself higher, stronger. His eyes turn a piercing yellow through the shadow of his hood, like mini moons hidden in shadows. Tommy flinches back at the look and can't help but hold his head down a tad bit. "Do you really believe me still being here is justification to be reckless?" He asks, tone sharp.

Tommy doesn't say anything to that, giving him the room to keep going. "You should know it's not. And it's fucking *stupid* of you to think otherwise. I don't see you as a baby Tommy, I see you as a human who thinks he's all tough and strong because he's lived with werewolves all his life." Wilbur gestures to him, canines glaring through the darkness of the alleyway.

"But guess what Tommy! You're not strong and you will never be tough like us! You're a human who's *reckless* and *fragile* ! Now we're going home before you fucking *brake* and I'm left here alone! Do you understand!?" The words strike him like daggers to his chest, sending him wheeling and gasping for air that's all around him. He's never heard Wilbur like this before, and it's scary.

He's overprotective at times but he's never called him fragile before, never said he could up and *brake* . "I said, do you understand?" Wilbur pushes, ignoring the sorrowful look Tommy sports on his face. He hesitantly nods. The other's shoulders relax as he steps forward, grabbing his hand in his.

Tommy walks silently beside his brother as they go back to the den, head filled with noisy thoughts and chest swirling with feelings.

Wilbur hasn't apologized for snapping at him yet. It's been a little over a week since he yelled at Tommy. He just goes around like nothing happened. He even looked hurt when Tommy didn't sleep next to him and instead next to Eret, or when he tried to ruffle his hair and Tommy sidestepped it, or when he asked if he would like to go for a walk with him and he just used Fundy as an excuse not to!

He doesn't get to be upset, it's not fair. Tommy understands he went over the line, but he's not going to apologize for shit until Wilbur does so first. That brings him to now, hiding away from the man by using Eret as a human shield. "You know you can leave the den right?" Eret says as they look over from their work, sewing needle in hand.

Tommy scoffs as he crosses his arms, staring over at the gate. "Fundy's out doing whatever that man does and you're fixing our clothes, I *can't* go out." He says gesturing to the pile of scraps Eret was mending together. Most of them are Fundy and his, but no one says anything about it.

The other hums, glancing over at the other member of their pack. Who's fixing up the sheets and blankets if the bed without a frame, a waterbed without the water, if you think about it. "Wilbur could take you." She says, going back to her sewing. "I'm sure he'd love to--"

"Nope." He shakes his head, maybe too aggressively as he gets a bit dizzy. Eret rests one of her hands on his head, smiling over at him. "Can't I just go out by myself? You promised you'd be more lenient with me." He silently asks, a plea somewhere between his words. Eret sighs, dropping her hand from his head.

She looks down at his wrist, which still sports the hand shaped bruises from last week. It's fading now, a few splotches here and there but mostly it was healed. "It doesn't even hurt anymore." He lifts up his arm, moving his hand around. It's a little sore, but Eret doesn't need to know that. The other stares for a couple seconds, and Tommy feels a bead of hope blossom in his chest.

"I swear I'll be careful!" He urges, taking the others' hand and squeezing it. He knows Wilbur had heard, is probably listening in if he thinks about it. He doesn't care though, not when Eret looks away and he knows he's breaking. "I won't even go that far, just out towards where the programs are usually."

Eret huffs, taking up his needle as he goes to continue his work. "You--"

"I have the collar on." Tommy cuts the other off, gesturing to the pin that's attached to the end of his shirt. "You can find me if you need to, *please* Eret. I need this." He wouldn't admit it but the more he went on it really did just turn into a plea. But he couldn't stay here any longer, they already made him miss his favourite program because he was hurt.

Clementine probably thinks he died or something. And Tubbo...well Tommy wouldn't hate it if he ended up crossing paths with him again. It's been too long since he's seen the other boy. He wonders if the other even missed him. Eret sighs, looking over at the collar they've pinned to him awhile ago now. "...fine." He says reluctantly.

Tommy's eyes widen as the hope in his chest bursts and he stands up. "Yes!" He shouts, looking over to where he put his cloak. "You won't regret it!" He adds on as he rushes over to the one table they have, taking the cloak off of it and putting it on. He hears a questioning noise from the other side of the den and frowns.

"Where's Tommy going?" Wilbur asks their alpha, Tommy choosing to ignore the older man as he

makes his way towards the gate. His hood was already up and over his head.

“He’s going out, you’re staying here.” He can’t help but grin as the other growls. Take that bitch, he’s not letting another minute go by now. He can hear Wilbur start to argue against it but he’s already closing the gate behind himself, swiftly making his way out. He was going to have fun and no one was going to stop him!

Not even Wilbur.

When Tommy left that morning he never thought he’d be where he was now. He kinda hoped for it he’s not going to lie, but he never thought it’d actually happen. He stood still on a path, eyes locked onto a familiar face. “Tubbo!” He yelled, making his way over to the shorter boy.

Said boy jolted, head whipping to face him, eyes widening. His grin was almost as big as Tommy’s own as he rushed over, his own cloak flowing in the soft wind that blew past them. “Tommy!” He greets, hands fidgeting with a ring in his hand. Tommy eyes it for a couple seconds, staring at the gold jewellery. It’s a new addition to Tubbo’s wardrobe, almost as pretty as the earring he wears.

“What’s with the bling?” He asks once they meet in the middle of the small part, both boys off the path.

Tubbo looks down at his hand, then back up at him. “Oh it’s just another gift from my sister.” He shrugs, like that didn’t look like literal *gold*. Tommy’s starting to think everything Tubbo owns is worth more than his life, heck the cloak itself could be more than half of him. “But I’m not here to talk about presents.” He adds on, eyes glancing around the area. “I’ve actually come to find you.”

He pauses then, mind going a bit blank at the statement. Find him? A small blush forms on Tommy’s face as he thinks of what it could mean. Tubbo was looking for him, like how he was hoping to find the other. Was Tubbo missing him? Or is he just jumping to conclusions because he’s literally the only kid who didn’t want something from him before?

“Oh, sweat. I actually wanted to find you too. Haven’t seen you around much.” He says nonchalantly, like his heart wasn’t racing at the thought of Tubbo wanting to spend time with him. Shroud and Clementine are good people, but they *use* him. Shroud likes him for how daring he is and his knowledge of the streets. Clementine likes him because he’s simply a guy and she’s a girl and sadly out here that could make a very big difference.

Tubbo looks back at him with brows raised, like he didn't think Tommy would have said that. "Oh." He says more to himself than to him, taking a step back in the process. Tommy narrows his eyes at the other, lips partly slightly as he stares at his fidgeting friend. Did he say something wrong? What was going on with him? "Sweat, uh—"

"Just spit it out." He urges, arms crossing over his shoulders.

Tubbo stumbles over his words for about a solid minute before signing, deciding to just look at him directly. "It's getting dangerous out here!" He blurts, startling him. Tubbo winces at the reaction but carries on anyway, quieter this time around. "There's *things* out here and they lurk and prod and *get what they want* . So I want you to promise to start going home early, to leave before the sun sets."

He just stares at the other as the more he keeps going, the quieter he gets, the more he looks around them. Tommy takes in the words said, mind instantly flicking to his pack back at the den. He erases the thought as another one takes form, this one of a guard talking about cattle going missing. And...

He doesn't know much about monsters or creatures or *things* , but he knows that werewolves don't eat cattle, or steal them either. Tubbo must know more than he's saying by the way he looks so determined, so correct in his words. "Okay." He nods, promising the other. "I won't stay out past sunset." It's not like he would be allowed to *anyways* .

Tubbo's whole body relaxes at that, a smile coming up to his face. Before Tommy knew it the other was walking forward and hugging the living hell out of him. He had to silence the yelp that tried so desperately to leave him as his feet got lifted off the ground, Tubbo picking him up in his arms.

"Whoa whoa *whoa* —" he yells, Tubbo just cackling underneath him. "Holy shit you're strong-okay you can put me down now!" He says, feet now kicking in the air. Tubbo looks up at him and he *swears* his eyes snapped to red for a second, a closed mouth grin coming up on the shorter's face. " *Tubbo* ." He warns, arms trapped on the sides of his body.

" *Tommy* ." Tubbo says back, arms tightening around him. "What do you think about flying?" Tommy's face paled.

They spend the rest of the day together, Tommy arguing over everything the other wanted to do and Tubbo being a clingy bastard. It was actually better than he would have hoped for. Tubbo was different, he was loud, exciting, fun and most importantly he didn't care for Tommy's rags he wore. He grabbed his hand like his nails weren't dirty and shoved him around not caring for his own cloak's cleanliness.

It was a breath of fresh air if Tommy was ever going to have one. "-and so I said... Tommy, are you even listening?" Tubbo asked, looking over at him as he shoved at his arm. Tommy blinked out of his thoughts as he nodded.

"Ya I was listening! What kind of friend do you think I am?" He scoffs, tugging Tubbo along the path they found themselves on. Tubbo looks down at their intertwined fingers and rolls his eyes.

"Then what was I saying?" He shoots back, to which Tommy doesn't have anything to say. "See! You weren't listening- oh." Tubbo stops, pulling back on his hand.

"What?" He looks at the other, his gaze faced upwards. He follows, meeting an orangine sky. Well, that goes there plan for not staying out past sunset.

Tubbo's hand tightens around his own as the other starts to speed up, Tommy now the one being dragged along. "Shit! I was supposed to keep you from staying outside! Fucking dammit!" He curses. Tommy has the feeling the other was panicking more than he was.

"It's fine!" He tries to reassure as he speeds up, the two now running hand in hand. "I don't even live that far away." He quickly lies, the words flying off his tongue with ease. For someone who wasn't much of a liar he's been doing it much more as of late. Tubbo looked up at him, eyebrows furrowed and a large frown on his face. "It isn't even that late." He adds on with a shrug.

Tubbo takes a few deep breaths before facing forward. "Okay...ya." He agrees, then slowing down when they come up to the more crowded parts of the area. "Just be safe while going back. I have to head back home and I can't be caught sneaking around--"

"I get it." He interrupts the other with a smile. "Parents are stuck up asses, you don't need to explain to me the hundred ways you'll be grounded." Tubbo probably gets worse punishments anyways, no one who looks like him wouldn't be on a tight leash. "Plus these are my streets, I know them like the back of my hand." He lifts up his hand, which was still intertwined with the others.

Tubbo rolls his eyes with a snort as he pushes him forward, hands finally letting go of each other. “Go!” He urges. Tommy laughs as he waves the other goodbye before heading back into the soot covered streets of his home. Tubbo doesn’t leave his view until he turns a corner, the two waving all until then.

It doesn’t take long with his long strides and fast pace to get half way home. The orangish sky however has darkened, giving way to deep blues and rich purples. If he wasn’t under a time restraint Tommy would have stopped to stare and the changing colours of the sky. But he had made a promise to Tubbo and he wasn’t going to start this new friendship with a whole bunch of lies.

He did say his home was close already, he didn’t need to lie about heading straight home on top of that. So he looked away from the sky and carried on, passing people on his way with ease. No guards were around this area at the time to piss him off so it was a kind of relaxing stroll. And Tommy promises he meant it head *right* back to the den, but then...

The smell of pastries and warm melting icing hit his nose, stinging his senses and forcing his head to turn. Down across the street sat a lone bakery, a sign saying *half off* right at the front. Tommy was a big man, but he was also a *man*, a man who loved shoving his body full of junk and calling that a meal.

It wouldn’t even take twenty minutes, he reasons with himself as he crosses over to the small place. A stray hand went into his cloak pocket, the familiar feeling of coins still in his pocket. Now, he knew the money was for an emergency. Each of the pack members have five coins each for if hard times came crashing- well, harder than having to sleep outside brought you anyhow.

Plus a donut wouldn’t cause that much trouble if one had magically entered his hand and a few coins left his pocket around the same time. Really Tommy wasn’t to blame, it was the bakery’s fault. “Welcome!” The person minding the counter says, looking up from wiping crumbs off the display case.

“Hey.” He waves as he looks at the goodies. “How much for a donut?” He asks as he digs into his pocket and pulls out a coin. “The creepiest one you got.” The person hums and looks at what they have left after a full day open.

“Two silver for a chocolate dip.” They say, gesturing to a few left on the rack. Tommy’s mouth already starts to water as he pulls out another and sets it on the counter.

“A chocolate dip then.” He says, the worker going over to grab his desert. He keeps his palm on the coins until they come back, setting the food down beside his palm. In a quick switch of hands Tommy grabs the donut as the worker pockets the money. “Thanks.” He nods to the other, holding the food close to his chest.

“No problem!” They say back, all cheery and smiles. They probably hope he’d come back, which isn’t at all in his money spending limits. So with that he leaves the bakery, biting into the chocolate donut. He looks up at the sky, being met with the very few bright stars that shine through the choked up air. He lets the thick cardboard tasting chocolate melt on his tongue for a few seconds, the evening breeze creeping up his spine.

He walks back across the street and keeps heading home, taking another bite out of his food. It’s dry, but it’s as good as he’s ever going to get. So he savours the bites, eyes flicking across from place to place. Tommy pulls his cloak closer to himself, the chill starting to bother him a bit. After a few minutes and half way through his donut does the chill in his spine feel like a knife dragging across his skin.

He pauses in his steps, head turning to look behind himself. He swallows the bite in his mouth and scans the area. No one was there and yet he had the urge to *run*. The chill eats at him, telling him to move. Tommy listens as he faces forward and quickens his pace. The feeling only grows, almost choking him as his long and quick stride turns into a jog.

Soon enough Tommy’s running down the street, gaze flicking backwards to show no one. He spots an alley up ahead and ducks into it, mind racing as he tries to think of where to go to get to the den. Tommy leans his back against the brick wall, hands covered in chocolate as he clutched onto his donut. He looks down at his hand and grimaces.

He has half the mind to lick his fingers and continue deeper into the alley, the feeling having not gone away just yet. Or just wipe his hands on his cloak, put it to wash later. He doesn’t get a chance to choose as footsteps sound at the entrance to the alleyway. Tommy whips around to face whoever it was, only to stare into the barrel of a gun.

“Wha-“ Tommy’s cut off by the barrel pressing into the side of his head.

“Hands up!” The attacker says, voice quiet and stern. He feels all the blood in him drain out as he raises his hands, donut dropping to the ground. He really should have just headed home, his sweet tooth doomed him. The guy smiles, a smelly odour coming out of his mouth. Tommy cringes backwards at the smell, the chill turning into a gut wrenching pain in his lower back.

“Dude if you think you're going to get money out of me you're wrong.” He says, eyeing the other with a glare. “Only got three coins to my fucking name.” He states truthfully. The guy laughs, loud and obnoxious like Tommy was joking. Before he could say anything else the guy grabs at his cloak, dragging him closer.

“A kid like you is enough payment.” He says, the stick of his breath right next to his ear. It’s then that Tommy realizes the gun wasn’t the danger here.

“What the fuck.” He breaths out, shaky eyes looking up at the man. If he tries to run he’s getting shot, if he does nothing he’s definitely getting fucking kidnapped. “H-hey man just-“

“Let him go.” A voice says from the front of the alley. Tommy jolts in surprise as his mind screams to *get the fuck away like right now—*

The guy with the gun jumps in surprise and whips around, gun leaving his head and now pointing at the man who had just walked in. In the split second of freedom Tommy springs to action as he backs up from the other. His feet doom him however as he tips backwards, hands reach back as if to catch his backwards fall.

His back hits the ground *hard* , knocking most of the air out of him. Tommy’s sprawled out on the concrete for less than a minute, and in that time many things happen. One, his back starts to hurt, typical. Two, a bang rings out, deafening him. Three, a much quieter yet noticeable sound flies across the alley, bouncing off the walls and hitting his ears. And four, he hears a thud.

Tommy puts his palms on the ground as he scurries backwards, eyes shooting to look at what was happening in front of him. The guy with the gun—who was definitely going to sell him on some kind of black market—was slumped on the ground. The gun was still in his hand, yet he didn’t move to close his fingers around it.

He then looks away from the man, who had a suspicious purple lined bruise around his neck- Tommy shakes his head, gaze looking up to the only person left standing. “Te-Techno?” He questions, watching as the man wipes his hands on his cloak. The hood had fallen off, revealing long soft pink curly hair. It was tied up in a high ponytail, braids framing the sides and intertwining with the bun.

He would have immediately made fun of the colour if it wasn’t for the fact his heart was beating a mile a minute from having a gun pointed at his face literally a few seconds ago. Techno turns to him, face scrunch up in disgust. The second he looks at him however his face softens, a smile tugging up onto his lips.

“Tommy.” He says back, boots clicking against the ground as he walks over. He squats down right beside him, hand falling onto his shoulder. “Are you okay?” Tommy stares at him dumbfounded, mouth not working as it hangs open. He then looks back over to the gunman, watching to see if he started yelling or got up. He sat there motionless...

“Kid?” Techno says, more urgent now. He looks back up at the pink headed man. He’s pretty sure he looks like a baby deer caught in the light. “Are you hurt?”

“Wa-what?” He replies, trying to rack his brain over what the hell just happened. “What did you...” he gestures to the man who doesn’t look over.

Techno hums, moving over to block his view. “Knocked him out.” He says simply, like that wasn’t a big deal. “Can you answer my earlier question?” He tries once more. The hand on his shoulder moves over to his chin, lifting his chin slightly to look at him better.

Tommy takes a deep breath in, letting it out slowly. “I’m fine.” He says after a minute. Techno stares at him for a couple seconds more before nodding. He gets up then, takes the hand not covered in chocolate and brings Tommy to his feet.

“That’s good.” Techno then takes out a handkerchief from his pocket, moving to take his dirtied hand. How weird this all is comes crashing down on top of his shoulders and he takes a step back. Choosing to wipe his hand on his cloak. “...Tommy?”

“I think I should get going.” He announces suddenly, choosing to take a few long steps back. “Parents waiting and everything.” Techno stiffens at the word’s parents, his smile turning into a frown in a blink of an eye. Tommy raises his hands, a nervous smile creeping up on him. “Thank you though for uh, knocking that bastard out! Real cool and badass of you but curfews a bitch so...”

“I could accompany you back.” He says, hands moving to pull his hood back up. “Make sure you get home safe.” The feeling of needing to leave pushes him to shake his head, even if the offer was tempting after the man has saved his ass two times in the past month now.

“I’m all good, big man. It’s not even that far from here.” This time Tommy really wasn’t lying, he knows the den is just a ten minute walk from here after running for the most part. “So see you around then?”

Techno nodded, hands now gripping the edge of his cloak like he was holding them back. “Definitely.” And with that Tommy turned and ran down the alley, his mind going a hundred summersaults as he tried to process what just went down.

Ya, Wilbur, Eret and Fundy were *not* hearing about this one.

Chapter End Notes

And another one out! And it wasn't even a month before updates, amazing. We're just going to ignore the fact it took a few more days then I first thought to write this... If I'm being totally honest I wanted to add a lot more to this chapter but it's already 4600 words something, so I had to end it. We're getting closer and closer to the part I'm really excited about, so I'm happy about that.

Techno just can't stay away, man's up to something. Just wanted to say that I love all your guy's comments and they have me laughing after reading them. I'm writing this dark type story then all you see in the comments are funny ass comments, it's amazing.

Anyways I'm off to update my other fics, hope you all have a good day/night and if you haven't I hope it turns around for the better! Go follow my tumblr if your bored and have nothing else to do blah blah sell out crap. Okay later!

[My Twitter <](#)

[My Tumbler <](#)

[Fawns Magical Bin Of Forgettable's <](#)

Pins And Needles

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

He doesn't know how it happens—probably very slowly if he's thinking about it—but Tubbo and him have been getting closer and closer as friends. Tommy's note that he's different from others many times, but it wasn't just that that made Tubbo so interesting. It was also how aloof he was, with his dodgy sentences and easy going smile.

It reminded him of the people here. But Tubbo was just *better*. His outings became more regular to the other boy. Tommy hardly spent time at the den that wasn't completely mandatory. If he wasn't sleeping, running the market and or getting into arguments with Wilbur he was out and about with Tubbo. And it was a god sent, truly.

Because the more days that passed the more of a *bitch* his older brother became. Neither of the two wanted to apologize and Tommy was starting to think he wasn't in the wrong. Yes it was a shitty move to say something about the others past but Wilbur started to deserve it with his side comments and stink eyes.

So the streets he went in his free time, which Eret has been allowing more of as of late. Probably because it stops Tommy from turning his anger on the other werewolf. The streets however also brought that chilly feeling, cutting deep in his back when he found himself walking home alone. Sometimes he'd turn around and there'd be nothing, other times there'd just be a stray animal.

Tommy doesn't understand the feeling, the physical pain that comes along with it. He's sure if he says anything about it he would be called crazy. It's not *normal* to feel pain crawling up your skin when you think someone's watching you after all. So with many and he means *many* secrets he shelves the creepy feeling to the side.

And all of that, down to Wilbur being a bitch, Tubbo and him being fast friends and Eret and Fundy giving him space is *somehow* the reason he ends up where he was now. Staring into the dark eyes of Techno, in the middle of the day, all alone while he just wanted to see if Tubbo would be at their meeting spot today. Really, he can't seem to catch a break.

“Big man.” He greets with a short wave, eyeing the man who fucking *towers* him. He was just around over half way to the more open areas of Logstedshire. Where the tiny bits of grass grew only to be trampled over by muddy feet. Half of which were his. “Fancy seeing you here.” He's starting to think the other lives here or something from how many times he's ran into the other now.

What number does that make it? Three times now? All unintentional might he add! “Ya.” The other agrees, hands kept at his sides.

Silence falls between the two as Tommy just stares at the other. Techno shuffles between his two feet, gaze darting all over him in the very weird way he tends to do now. “Did you want something?” He asks, wanting to see if Tubbo was waiting for him. If not then he’ll just roam, anything other than just standing around in the middle of the sidewalk.

Techno lifts his head higher at the question. With the motion Tommy catches a glimpse of gold chains hanging from the others hair. It looked to be weaved in with many crisscross patterns over the braids. Weird...he didn’t notice that before. “I uh, wanted to see how you're doing.” He says.

Tommy raises an eyebrow at that, arms crossing over his chest. “You wanted to talk to me.” He states, Techno not disproving the point. “Is this about me seeing Tubbo? Because honestly for someone who travels no man’s land so often I was kind of concerned to-“

“This isn’t about Tubbo.” Techno pipes in, strong in the way his words were meant to be taken seriously. There’s a hint of something there, surprise maybe. “It’s about you.” He adds, taking a step forward.

“About me.” Tommy scoffs, flinching slightly as the feeling climbs up his back once more. It’s so small the other doesn’t seem to notice. “I’ve told you I’m fine.”

Techno leans back on his heels, so relaxed compared to every other time they’ve met. “I know.” He deadpans, a face stoic as he regards him. “I wanted to, uh, hang out. Tubbo talks about you a lot, I wanted to see what all the hype was.” He freezes at the words, eyes widening slightly at the admission.

Tubbo talked about him to his family? Tommy could feel a small frown tug at his lips at the thought. He hasn’t said anything to his own family, keeping their meetings secret. It wasn’t like they didn’t want him to have friends, it’s just... Tubbo was different. He didn’t want others to know about him. Not Eret, not Fundy and not-

But now Techno heard all about him and wanted to *hang out* . Tommy hasn’t hung out with another adult before, unless you count the organizers for the weekend programs. Which he thinks doesn’t really count. “Okay?” He says, more so to himself than the other man. Something flashes in Techno’s eyes for a split second, happiness? It was gone before he could really get a look,

replaced by indifference.

“Come on.” Techno announces, already moving past him in long strides. Tommy hesitates for a second but after a bit he’s hurrying after the other man.

“Where are we going?” He asks, having to nearly start jogging to catch up to the other.

Techno turns his head a bit to peer over at him, eyes racking over him like he was checking he was still there. “It’s a surprise.” He groaned, moving faster so he was in front of the other.

“Surprises are bullshit.” He shoots back, crossing his arms over his chest. “Just tell me.” The other just smiles, turning to look back to where he was going. “Oh so you’re ignoring me now, what happened to ‘hanging out’?” Nothing, Techno just kept looking forward.

He’s doing this on purpose. “Hey, Techno, where are you taking me?” He asks again, poking the other in the side. Out of his many years of life Tommy knew one thing about adults and that’s how annoyed they get by people randomly poking them. “It’s just one question, it isn’t like I’m asking you to do fucking math!” Another poke to the side, still nothing.

“If I told you then it wouldn’t be interesting.” He replies, catching his hand by the wrist. His hands were soft against his wrist, moving his hand away from him. “Are you going to poke me the whole walk?”

It took only three seconds for Tommy to decide on the answer. “Yes.”

Tommy with the pettiness of a teen with nothing else to do poked Techno so many times that he thinks his own finger is red from none stop poking. He doesn’t know how the other lasted so long without snapping at him, the two talking about random topics. Maybe it was the conversation distracting him, but Tommy was having too much fun to let up.

He doesn’t even know when he actually stopped poking the other, instead matching his strides as they talked. Techno was confusing for an adult. He didn’t look worried when Tommy mentioned he fell out of a tree once or how he went swimming in the duck pond on multiple occasions.

Techno just took it in stride, a small smile falling upon his face as they walked. Despite not actually looking directly at Techno he couldn't help but notice a few things. Techno held himself with the essence of a man who knew he was above everyone else. Yet it didn't feel like he meant for that to be him.

Maybe it was Tommy's imagination but Techno looked to be relaxed, hand somehow finding its way onto his shoulder from time to time. Another thing he noticed was all the gold the other actually wore. From the chains in his hair to rings and necklaces hidden underneath a cloak, Techno was *covered* in the stuff.

Maybe when he isn't looking he could pocket something and pawn it, it isn't like he would be missing any of the stuff. "Where here." Tommy's ripped from his thoughts by Techno's hand leaving his shoulder. He looks up at the man, wondering how much time has passed. He then turns to where they have stopped at, eyes widening when he realizes where they were.

The streets were no longer just hardened dirt and were actually paved, not one red brick building in sight as it was switched out for a prettier colour. Grey's and whites lined the structures here, people almost having lost all their cloaks and instead switched it for fashion. He knew it wasn't the rich part of town but it was still *gorgeous*.

Was this what people would say was middle class? "Holy fucking shit." He breathed, looking at everything he could. He sticks out like black and white here, with his dirty cloak and smudged face.

Techno chuckles, reaching up to take his hood off his face. The sun hitting each and every gold chain. "Come on." He doesn't even fight it when Techno takes his forearm and leads them forwards. There's a quiet *ding* as they enter, Tommy immediately swamped with the smells of garlic, spices and other foods.

He looks across the diner, floors a clean oak and countertops a polished granite. Techno leads them over to a table in the corner of the place, right next to the large room sized window. It overlooks the street, Tommy getting a nice view as people walk by. He couldn't help his mind from running a hundred times a minute.

His family lived in the slums of Logstedshire, the part where the garbage and gunk end up. Their parks had very little grass spots and the only clean water they had came from the rain that made their streets muddy. "Where are we?" He can't help but ask, peering out as a couple hold hands as they walk past.

“Logstedshire.” Techno deadpans, earning an eye roll from him.

“No shit.” He says right back, turning to look at the other. Techno’s leaning on the table, elbows propping him up as he stares directly at him. “I’ve never been here before.” He adds, ignoring the stabbing pain in his spine that yells at him to return to the crime infested slums.

“You haven’t?” Tommy leans back in his seat, a bit taken aback by the sudden narrowed gaze the other sends him.

He shakes his head, playing off the creeping up nerves. “Never had a reason to. A big man like myself just needs his mud and a good handful of food and I’m good. Plus I don’t want to get mixed up with these.” He waves his hands around, looking for the right word. “*Pricks* .”

Techno doesn’t look very pleased, but before anything could happen a waitress came over. “Hello gentlemen and welcome to Gemstone Dinner, my names Tay and I’ll be your waitress this afternoon. Do you know what you want or do you need a menu?”

“Menu’s.” The other answers for them, taking the two handed to him before Tay leaves them be for the time being. Techno hand’s one over, Tommy taking it and holding it up to his face. Anything to not look at that weird face the other has on.

After Tommy’s looked over the menu once he frowns, stomach growing hungry as he stares at the prices. Literally everything is over more than what he’s ever had at one time. This is a scam, this dinner is robbing people. He puts down his menu, catching the attention of Techno who does the same.

“So you know what you want?” Ya, the food to be *cheaper* . He looks down at the menu again, teeth rubbing against his lip as he gnaws on it.

“A small salad.” He says, it being the only thing he *can* buy. It at least looks like he won’t throw up eating the greens.

“And?” Techno presses.

“That’s it.” Tommy shrugs, not knowing what else he could really get.

It doesn't take long before Tay comes back, a smile on her face and a small notepad in her hand, a pen in the other. "Do you two know what you will be having?" She asks, looking at Techno.

Techno nods, stacking the menus over each other. "One double cheeseburger, toasted with no tomatoes. A side of medium fries and a large water." He pauses then, looking over at him before going right back to Tay. "A small cheeseburger, but instead of the fries, make it a salad and a medium strawberry smoothie."

...What? "Uh Techno--"

"That's everything." The older man interrupts him, Tay nodding before scooping up the menus and leaving the table. Tommy's left stunned, hands digging into his pockets and feeling for the little amount of coins he has. He doesn't have money for that! Shit, he should have thought about this. Techno obviously thinks he's more well off than he is, either that or this is some sick game of dangle food in front of the poor kid.

"I can't have all that." He says, looking over at Techno.

The other just raises an eyebrow, lips thinning as if in thought. "...Are you allergic to anything I ordered?" He shakes his head. Tommy has the best immune system he's seen out of anyone he knows. If he was allergic to anything it would be something he could never get his hands on. "Then why can't you have it?"

"I can't pay for all that!" He shouts, placing the few coins he has on the table. "I'm not a walking money hoarder, this is literally everything I have." He growls out. What? He has the right to be mad. Was Techno just going to order random stuff and make him pay for it? He asked for a *salad*, nothing else.

The other digs around in his pockets for a second and before he could ask what he was doing a small pouch thudded onto the table. "There, now you have enough." Tommy blinks a few times, all the rising anger leaving him all at once. He reaches forward, hands going around the silk bag as he opens it.

There's a fuck ton of coins in there. "You're joking." He states, unbelieving.

Techno just huffs, his smiling returning. "It isn't for free." Tommy lets go of the money instantly,

glaring up at the other. Of course it wasn't for free, no one just hands out cash like that for no reason. He's about to get up and turn tail when Techno raises his hands, smile faltering. "It's nothing bad." He quickly says. "I just wanted to ask you a few questions."

"What kind of questions?" He sneers, backing up in his seat.

The other just tilts his head, looking down at the money. "Doesn't matter, if you don't want to answer I'll just move on to another question."

"And if I answer none?" He questions, crossing his arms.

Techno shrugs, hands falling to the table. "Then you get the money anyways for placating me." That sounds sketchy as hell, but what else could he really do? Leave with an empty stomach with no way of getting back home? Plus Techno was weird but he didn't seem creepy, if anything this is all a very sick joke and he's not even going to get the money. Either way he still has enough for the salad.

Tommy sighs, going back to looking out the window. "Go on then, start your questioning."

"Do you have any siblings?" Okay that's pretty easy.

"Yea, three actually." He replies. The shiver and pain in his spine twisting and turning. But it doesn't feel like anything's wrong, he's literally just sitting at a random dinner.

"Older or younger?" Techno adds afterwards.

"They're all adults." He shrugs.

"Parents?" He hesitates then, eyes moving to look at the other. Techno's staring at him, hardly even blinking.

"...At home with my sibling's." He lies, looking back out the window.

Techno leans against the back of the chair, his form in the corner of his vision. “When was the last time you ate until you were full?”

“Next question.” He grits out, maybe a bit too quickly.

“When was the last time you had a proper shower or a check up at a clinic?” Tommy lifted up his legs, setting his head on his knees. A woman was walking her dog right across the street, a sun hat resting on her head. He doesn’t bother answering that question. More so out of the fact he doesn’t know what *counts* .

Wilbur was always worried about him, making sure he got as clean as he could and stayed relatively healthy. Eret was the pack's doctor, even if he had no training other than something he can do with a needle. Does collecting water in a bucket when it rains and washing in a more private part of the den count as a shower?

And does Eret fussing over him from time to time count as a doctor's visit? Probably not if he’s really thinking about it. “Tommy, when was the last time you-“

“Here’s your food!” Tay says, cutting Techno off as she sets down their food. Tommy quickly turns around, eyes darting right to the strawberry smoothie and the burger sat in front of him. “I’ll leave you to it.” She adds, leaving the two alone once again.

He reaches out for the burger and hesitates, looking up at the other sitting across from him.

Techno seems to understand what he’s asking as he nods. “You can eat Tommy.” With that he grabs his food and shoves it into his mouth.

The older man holds true to his words as they walk down the dirt roads once again. Goodbye went the grey brinks and hello to the reds and browns. Techno paid for everything at the dinner, which shocked him to no end. But with how much good the other wears he doesn’t think it meant much for the other.

Techno’s hood is back over his head as they turn and twist around corners, soon ending up back where they met a few hours before. The sun was going to set soon, so with his stomach actually full and the need to go back there one day for another smoothie Tommy turned to Techno,

goodbyes in his tongue.

“Thank you for taking me out.” He says honestly.

Techno just hums, hands it his pockets. “It was no problem.” He replies, walking forward. “I liked hanging out.” Tommy can’t help but agree.

He then gestures behind himself. “Well the fam is probably getting worried, I should head back.” The other looks behind him, a frown replacing his smile. “See you later Techno.” Tommy waves, going to turn around.

Suddenly Techno’s reaching over to him, hand brushing back the hair on his neck. Tommy pauses, but not because of the action, but because his mind *explodes* . The once creepy dread and anxiety that curled up his spine was now twisting around his throat, like it itself was choking him.

He gasps, hands going up to rub at his temples. *RUN* , it shouted, *ESCAPE* . He didn’t understand, his head pounding at the sudden force of *something* . Then he feels it, a prick on his neck. It was hardly noticeable amongst his ranging headache but he felt it. Tommy’s whole body shuddered as one hand drifted down, pressing softly on the spot where he felt the prick.

After a second he lifted his hand from his neck, a small dot of blood lining his finger tips. He narrowed his eyes at the speak of blood, confusion taking root in his head. He then looked over to Techno, his hands shaking for no apparent reason. Techno was holding a needle, simple like the ones he’s seen Eret use to sew up his tattered clothes.

“Tommy.” He says, putting the small needle in a plastic container before pocketing it. “I suggest you sit down, you’re going to feel really tired in a second.” Tired? What’s he talking about? He blinked rapidly, swaying on his feet. His head felt like it was stuffed with cotton.

“I need to leave...” He murmured, words sluggish on his tongue. “T-to Eret and-and Fundy and-“

“Shhh.” Techno shushed him, walking closer as he held him from underneath his arms. Tommy practically turned to jelly in his arms, the other easily lifting him up bridal style. *Danger* . His mind whispered, dulled compared to before. *Run*. “It’s okay, I’m taking you home. You don’t need to worry about them anymore.”

Techno's voice was distant, deep and soothing. Tommy hummed, eyes struggling to stay open. "But Wilb-Wilby will be scared." He stuttered out, trying to push himself out of the others grip. Nothing came out of it as Techno readjusted his hold, moving away from where the den was. It was almost like Tommy took a bunch of drugs and was on some kind of funky trip.

...

Wait-

Chapter End Notes

I got you with the fluff in the first half didn't I? We are finally leaving the Logstedshire arch! And yes, Techno totally just drugged Tommy. Poor kid just got kidnapped. A little information for you all, he had that needle every single time he met Tommy. He just never thought it was the right moment, to many people around and other things.

Also Tubbo doesn't speak about Tommy, Techno didn't even know they still talked until Tommy said it. But after hearing that he just went with it, knowing Tubbo doesn't exactly want Techno to 'adopt' the blonde. So he took Tommy now before the younger could tell Tommy anything to keep him away.

Hope you liked this chapter! I had fun writing it, especially the dinner scene. I don't know if I've told you guys this but I was a Twitter! I usually just write randomness on there, just like I do on Tumblr. If your board you can go check it out!

[My Twitter <](#)

[My Tumbler <](#)

[Fawns Magical Bin Of Forgettable's <](#)

Cold Feet

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Tommy yawned, eyes stinging from having to stay opened. He doesn't know how long he's been asleep for, just that it's catching up to him. His limbs hurt, arms battered and bruised from the mean stall man. It wasn't fair, all he wanted was an apple. His mum never left him with anything, never told him how to get home.

He didn't even know where he was, only that it was dark and he was scared. "Stay awake..." He slurred out, eyes half lidded. Tommy fisted his shaking hands into his tattered shirt, ears open for any trouble. He rested his chin on his knees, hissing silently when he pushes on a bruise.

"Where's your parents?" His head shot up at the voice, eyes scanning the street in front of him. A few steps ahead was a orange haired boy, a striped black jacket over his frame. He looked to be a kid, like him. But a big kid, the ones that took up the monkeys bars at the park near his home. His eyes were a strange bright yellow, a sharp look to his face.

Tommy curls further into himself, eyes darting over the other. He was dirty, very dirty. "I don't know." He says, hands clenching and unclenching. "Mommy said to wait here for her."

The boy tilts his head, a low growl sounding out from him. Tommy shuffles backwards a bit, hands hitting the cold ground. "How long ago was that?" He questions, rocking back and forth on his heels.

Tommy has to think about that a bit, his mind racking over the questions. "A couple days." He says after a few seconds, gaze turning downwards. He thinks it's been longer, definitely over two weeks. But the other doesn't need to know that, it doesn't matter. The boy frowns, eyes narrowing at him. The stare causes a shiver to run down his back. "But she's coming back! Sh-she just needed to run an errand."

The other walks forward, stopping right in front of him. Tommy has to look up at him to see his face, neck straining. His fringe hides his eyes, but he gets the sense that something is wrong. "How old are you? I'm twelve."

"...six." He admits, moving a bit forward to get a better look at him. "Where are your parents?" He then asks, because he's pretty sure twelve year olds still need to stay close to their parents.

The boy squats down, pupils sharp. "Dead." He says simply, like it didn't matter. "Humans killed them."

Tommy gasps, heart starting to race. "I'm sorry."

"It's okay." The other shrugs, moving his hand to tuck some of Tommy's blonde hair behind his ear. "Humans are mean."

"But you're human." He points out, very confused. "And I'm human! I'm Tommy!"

"I'm Fundy, and I'm not a human, runt." He chuckles, taking his hand in his. "Would you like to eat something?"

Clink

The first sluggish thought that comes into Tommy's mind is about *how fucking weak he feels*. It was weird, how his head felt like it was made of lead. So were his limbs. Every part of his body was made of stone, buried in the ground. He was floaty, not able to string together a coherent thought. Nothing made sense.

He wasn't hungry, which was somehow off putting. He's usually always hungry, a background pain in his stomach reminding him to get up and get moving. But he was full, he was full and he didn't really feel like moving. Whatever he was on was soft, like how he assumes clouds felt.

Clink

He thinks he's drifted off into sleep other times, just by how heavy everything feels. Like he's been asleep for days. But that can't possibly be right, if that was the case he would be starving and needing to use the washroom.

Clink

Maybe if he falls asleep again and wakes up later he'd feel ready to get up. Eret would let him sleep for a few more hours, surely. Then Fundy could teach him more pickpocketing tips. He could even run the market today, earn a couple more coins to put in his secret jar.

Clink

Tommy groans, turning his head away from whatever was making that clinking sound. It was keeping him awake, which was quite rude. He did say no himself.

Clink

"Stop." He murmured, squeezing the plush thing underneath him. It was nice, silky. Then, like he's been hit in the head with a lightbulb, Tommy squeezes the thing underneath him again. And then again, and again and again-

Clink

He's not in the den. Tommy tears his eyes open, expecting sunlight to burn into them. But instead of a sting he's left staring at complete darkness, no lanterns or candles, just darkness. He slowly pushes himself up, arms shaking as he holds onto the sheet underneath him. "What..."

It's then that memories flood Tommy's brain. Memories of going to meet up with Tubbo, finding someone else instead and going to a diner. It takes a couple more seconds of thinking, trying to come up with the reason why he's here, does he remember Techno. But most importantly he remembers the needle the other drugged him with.

An ice cold shiver racks his body, head whipping around the dark room. His heart is already speeding up as he looks for the other, but thankfully he doesn't see him. Rather he spots a window, a bird pecking at the glass. It's what woke him up, with its black beady eyes and black feathers. A crow or raven, if he remembers his birds right.

Tommy takes a long breath in, trying to calm himself. This is fine, he can get out of this. He's only been *fucking kidnapped*. Not like the world is ending or anything. After a few minutes of breathing exercises and letting his eyes get used to the dark Tommy pushes his why to the edge of the bed.

He still feels physically weak but he doesn't have any other choice than to try and walk. He doesn't know when Techno's going to come in and check on him. He can't be caught here, not right now. So with that in mind he plants his feet into the cold wooden floor, heaving himself up with the help of the bed frame and wall.

His knees bend, almost buckling over himself, but Tommy tightens his grip in the bed frame and widens his stance, stabilizing himself. Okay, he's out of the bed now, that's progress. He looks up, eyes catching onto the door. If he leaves and hopes he's close to the door then he could try and run for it. But then he could also run into Techno...

Clink

He looks over to the window, the moonlight illuminating the bird that refuses to leave the window hatch alone. Wait, hatch. Tommy staggers over to the bird, hands gripping the windowsill as he peers out. He's on the first floor to wherever this place is, trees a little bit away. A forest, he's in a forest.

Tommy looks at the hatch then over to the door. The bird pecks at it again. "Alright bird, I'm going to trust you here." He says aloud, using one arm to support himself as he goes to reach up at the hatch. To his surprise it unlocks, the window creaking open. The bird hops to the side, craning its head to the side before jumping off the window frame and flying away.

He stares in awe for a few seconds, cold air blowing past his curls. "Fucking moron." He curses Techno, pushing the window open. Tommy heaves himself over it, pausing on the rim to catch his breath. Whatever was stabbed into him clearly wasn't out of his system yet. Hopefully it will be by sunrise.

Twisting his legs over and onto the other side was more of a hassle than he wants to admit, but Tommy gets there. He slides out from the window, feet landing onto the dewy grass. He looks down, finding that he didn't have any shoes on. Actually, now that he's looking at himself, his cloak is gone too.

The creep must have taken it for spare coins. Jokes on him, it has too many holes to be worth anything. Tommy takes another calming breath in as he pushes forward towards the tree line. He gets to it fast enough. Sparing a glance back he finds that he was in a cabin, no lights in the place.

He turns back around and marches on. He knows by now that he isn't in Logstedshire. The place never had a forest or actually healthy plot of land to its name, even in the richer areas. He has to be either in no man's land or a far off trading village area. He hopes for the latter.

Tommy walks for a while, feet quickly becoming sore and limbs starting to feel like ice. But he pushes on, knowing if he stops now he'd freeze out here. The morning is nowhere in sight, the moon just getting up to its peak. He needs to find somewhere warm, preferably a village.

A sharp crawling sensation erupts into his back, Tommy freezing in his spot. He whips his head up, eyes scanning the area. Nothing looked out of place, but the feeling of being watched as there, in the back of his mind. "...Hello?" He calls out, voice rough and crackly.

There's no answer. "Is someone there?" He calls again, but again there's no answer. Tommy huffs, turning his head to face where he was heading. He stops when in the corner of his eye he catches onto two red dots staring at him. His limbs lock up, blood running cold. He can't help but face the thing, feet itching to move but with no power to do so.

"Aww you caught me." The thing chuckles, low and dangerous. Slit eyes blinked at him. "You ruined my game of cat and mouse." Tommy swallows thickly, hands moving towards a cloak that wasn't there. He was exposed, skin ready to be torn into. Like his own heart was sensing the other it started to speed up.

He watched as the vampire peeled itself out of its hiding spot, a wide grin on its face as it stared at him hungrily. It took another step, then another. Tommy, thinking of a way out of this, bares his teeth, a growl raising up in his throat. He does what Eret, Fundy and Wilbur would do, stand his ground.

"Fuck off!" He yells, voice shaky despite his best efforts. "Get out of here, you blood sucking leach!" The vampire pauses, then immediately bursts out laughing as it pulls out something from a sheath on his hip.

He growls again, lowering his body to the ground. "How cute, the pest wants to play a bitch. What, did a mutt teach you that?" It asks, the dagger it unsheathed in plain view now. It stalks closer towards him. He blinks and then the thing is running up to him, a wild look in its eyes as it raises its blade in the air.

Tommy's eyes widen, breath hitching as he moves his arms to cover up his face. The moonlight glints off at the blood stained dagger like dancing lights. It's beautiful, and for a second Tommy forgets himself. Then it slices into his arm and everything's too real again.

He screams, knees finally buckling underneath him as he falls backwards and onto his but. The cut

stings, the vampire only laughing as it stops a few steps away from him. It raises the blade up to its mouth, tongue out like it was going to lick the blood clean off the silver.

Before it can however an almost silent *thung* sound snaps out through the forest. If Tommy wasn't watching he would have missed it, but he didn't, so he was able to see an arrow fly past him and right into the attacker's wrist. The thing shouts, the dagger thudding to the ground as he staggers backwards. "Fuck!" It curses, looking up past him.

Sadly Tommy doesn't need to look to know who it is. "Step away from him." Techno's voice booms across the forest, a little too close for comfort. The vampire hisses, reaching for the dagger on the ground. Before he could even get near it another arrow is fired, this time slicing through the things cheek.

Tommy can't help but gasp as the thing grunts in pain, but other than that it doesn't move. "What the hell- I found the human first! Gentlemen rules!" It hisses, like it's reading a law out of some old judge book. The blood isn't flowing anymore, the injuries closing up in front of his eyes.

There's a moment of silence, like Techno was actually contemplating letting the guy rip his throat out. And in the silence Tommy peered back at his kidnapper, wondering which of the two evils would be better. Techno looked down at him, a frown on his face. He looked more like a disappointed parent than a kidnapper.

"He's mine." Techno stated, rising his bow to the thing. "Either you go, or the next arrow will have a dead man's tip. Your choice." Tommy's eye widened at the other's cool exterior in the face of a vampire, mouth agape.

But what's more startling is the fact the vampire actually backed off, hissing one more time before mumbling something and walking off. Tommy blinks rapidly as it walks back into the trees, his mind not catching up to him. Did that really just happen? Or is he already dead and dreaming in purgatory?

But then he feels a hand on his back and he knows he's actually still in hell. "No!" He yells, pushing off of the other and stumbling to his feet. He raises his fists, eyes locking with red ones...

He then notices the fangs, the pointed ears and the smell of blood in the air that was coming from the direction of the other. Tommy takes another step back, because that thing in front of him wasn't human. "Y-your a-a-"

“Vampire.” Techno hums, standing up to his full height. His cloak’s nowhere to be seen, long pink hair flowing in the breeze. “You are quite observable, Tommy.” He bares his teeth at the comment, feeling disgusting as the other just smiles at him. It can’t be fond, no matter how much he thinks it is. Vampires don’t find things *fond*.

“You’re a creep.” He spits out, backing up another step. “I-I thought you were one of the *good* ones!” Tommy ignores the aching in his heart, the full situation finally dawning on him. Techno kidnapped him, who he thought he could trust. He was taken advantage of, prayed on. Had the other only started talking to him for a future blood bag!?

Techno sighs, putting away his bow. He runs a hand through his hair, blood red eyes the colour of rubies regarding him with *something*. He doesn’t know what, but it can’t be good. “Don’t say that.” He says, eyes tracking every step he takes back. “I’ll explain everything if you want, but we need to get back to the cabin. It’s late and more vampires are going to smell your blood-“

“I’m not going anywhere with you!” Tommy cuts him off, a growl already high in the air. “Not with a creepy blood sucker like you!”

The other just rolls his eyes. “Tommy, please. I know you must be tired, having snuck out of your window so late, but there’s no need for that kind of language.” He feels his lungs stop, chest starting to ache at the words. Had he been watching him? The moment he snuck out? That was hours ago, hours of walking and thinking he was alone.

“You were stalking me.” He snaps, eyeing the other. Techno doesn’t do anything but turn his head back towards the cabin. A thoughtful look in his eyes. Tommy had to hold back another outburst, knowing that the other could rip his throat out right now.

Vampire’s, unlike werewolves, were bloodthirsty. They only cared about their own kind and even then it was strained. Monarchy was the only thing he could compare their groups to. There was a head and then underlings, a disgusting train of blood left in every single one of their wakes.

Techno was no different. He was a liar, killer and a creepy kidnapper who thinks it’s okay to talk to teenagers in alleyways. It’s honestly a blessing Tommy’s not dead yet, but he can’t say anything about a few moments from now. Vampire’s are fast, there’s no where he can run that he’d get away from the other.

Tommy doesn’t even know where he is, let alone a safe spot away from the vampire. “Once we’re back I can make you feel better. No more pain, no more living in poverty. I can take care of you, but it’s time to go back now.” Techno says suddenly, taking a step towards him.

Tommy doesn't get a chance to take another step back because before he knows it Techno's in front of him, hands cupping his face in gentle palms. "No more playing runaway." He sucks in a quick breath, willing his limbs to move. But they don't, locked in place.

He snuffles, a tear rolling down his cheek. Techno quickly thumbs it away, a fanged smile gleaming down at him. "Please." He whines, knees finally quitting on him. Techno swiftly picks him up bridal style, shushing him as he heads back towards the cabin.

"Rest, I'll make sure we get there safely." Exhaustion crashes into him, body shivering from the cold and overuse. Tommy can only whine and nudge at the other to no avail, pleading for him to let him go. The only words he gets back are to rest and he'll be better afterwards. And as darkness takes over him he can't help but disagree.

Chapter End Notes

Chapter 8 is finally here! And Techno's identity has kinda been revealed to Tommy. I had so much fun writing this chapter, I don't know why. I thought I wouldn't, but here we are.

Anyways he's back in the cabin, Techno now actually there with him. Man's was coming back and literally just saw Tommy climbing out of the window and decided to follow him. He doesn't know anything about raising a kidnapped child, but he's trying. I'm also happy to say where now past the Logstedshire arch and now moving into first meetings!

That's enough of me rambling, have a good day/night night and see you next chapter!

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Chat At The Breakfast Table

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Tommy wakes up slowly and to the rumbling of his own stomach. He groans, wishing his body would shut up and let him sleep. But then there's the sound of shuffling, then the scent of blood and the urge to *get the fuck out of here*. And then there's the memories.

He bolts up, eye wide. He's back in the dark room, but the crow this time is nowhere to be found. There's a blanket on top of him, a pillow underneath him and eyes staring at him. Tommy looks over into the corner of the room, gaze locking with reddish brown pupils.

Techno's hands are holding a book, one hand about to flip the page. He looks a bit startled but other than that he looks *dangerous*. He might not have a weapon but Tommy know's that doesn't mean safety. "Good morning--"

"What the shit!" He yells, grabbing the first thing he could - the pillow, it seems - and throws it at the other. It hits the wall beside the vampire. Tommy scrambles to the side of the bed, grateful for the fact his limbs seem to be back in peak performance. After getting to the end he shuffles off, standing up as he backs himself into the corner furthest from the man.

His mind is racing and his heart is stuttering. He was going to be eaten alive, and there wasn't anything he could do about it. "That was unnecessary." Techno says, closing his book with one hand as he sets it on a desk beside himself. "And calm down, you're going to rip your stitches." Stitches?

At the words Tommy instinctively looks down at his arm, eyes widening slightly at the bandage wrapping it. The injury he knows is underneath it hurts, burns. He got hurt last night, his arm being sliced with a dagger. At the mention of it he squeezes his hands into fists, returning his attention back up to Techno.

"What do you want from me." He orders, looking around the room for anything that could help him. The window was locked, he could see it from here. The sun was pouring in from it, making it all too easy to see everything in the room. There was no lamp to throw and the bedside tables didn't look promising.

He returned his attention just in time to see Techno get up from the chair in the corner of the room, hands going into his pockets. "Nothing really." He shrugs, like this wasn't a life or death situation

for him. He guesses it's not, as the other is the most feared thing in the whole world. Rivaling werewolves on many stances.

"So you kidnapped me for no goddamn reason then? You ticked me and drugged me for funnies?" He snaps, forgetting for a moment where he was. Then again, now's the only time to get this out. He surely was going to be sucked dry by the end of the night. "Tell me the real reason why I'm here! I'd like to be told I'll be a blood bag before you decide to spring it up on me!"

After his rant Tommy sucked in a large breath, fingernails digging crescent moons into his palms. "That's not..." Techno stops, a frown on his face. Tommy grits his teeth, baring them at the other. Techno walks forward a few steps, Tommy backing up deeper into the corner. "I'm not going to feed from you."

Lies. What, does he think buttering him up would make this any easier? Trust has been lost the moment he thought of doing whatever the hell he plans on doing to him. The other looks him up and down, then closes his eyes for a few seconds before opening them again. They were still a reddish brown hue.

"Then what the hell do you want to do with me then!?" He shouts. He doesn't want to play these games with him anymore.

"I want to sire you." Techno purred, pupils turning into slits. Tommy blanches, eyes snapping wide. His mind stops, fuzzing out. The word was familiar to him, a distant memory poking through a haze of repression.

But he didn't understand the meaning, why it sent his body going rigid. Something gravely was wrong with that sentence, something bad. "Wa-what do you mean-" He doesn't even get to finish his sentence before Techno cuts him off.

"I want to bite you, yes, but to turn you. Not to drink from you." Tommy's world stops, the one persistent pain in his spine gone. It's like it knows it's useless, that no matter how loud his mind gets it can't help this time, not anymore. He remembers the word now, sire. It's what people call vampires who bite humans and turn them into one of them.

They're the most dangerous types of vampires, because unlike normal ones they have something to lose that wasn't their own life. Techno was going to bite him, he was going to *turn him into a vampire*. "Y-you can't do that." He wavers, wishing there was more space behind himself to escape to.

Techno doesn't do much other than take a step closer, his hands out like he was some kind of caged animal. Tommy knocks his head against the wall trying to move. "Get away from me! You can't do that! You can't--"

"I can." The other says, stopping from walking around the bed that separates them. "And I will." He adds, looking over towards the door behind himself. "But not right now, everything's not set up yet. I'm going to go make breakfast for us right now. You can try and run if you want, go right out the front door."

He faces him again, his slit eyes a bright ruby red. "But I'll come get you everytime." With that Techno turns, collects his book and leaves the room. Tommy doesn't hear the door lock, only the receding footsteps of his captor. And when he's sure the other's out of range he screams.

Death would have been merciful.

"Fuck!" Tommy swears, punching the door. His knuckles come back red but he doesn't bother, winding his arm back to punch at the hard woods once more. Leave it to fucking *life* to decide even it doesn't want him anymore, throwing him at a blood sucker's feet. It wasn't fair. All he wanted was to get the hell out of Logstedshire and go to a colder place. Snowchester if he could.

He was going to bring his pack along, buy a nice apartment, get a job, *provide*. He had money saved up, hidden away to where even the squirrels won't look. But everything was crumbling down at his feet. His fist met the door another time, the pain doing nothing to clear his wandering mind.

What could he do, but to bide time? Someone has to be looking for him, surely. Tommy wasn't forgettable. He knows Clementine would look around, even if it's just for a few hours. The girl knows when someone's gone missing on purpose or not. She'll ask around, he's seen her do it before.

Then there's his pack, who *have* to already be running through the streets like crazed mothers when their child screams of a nightmare. "...Wilbur." He whispers, dropping his hands to his sides. Wilbur had to be looking for him, right? They were fighting before this, he never got to *apologize*. Tommy hits at his sides, not knowing what to do with his hands.

At the moment something pokes at his forearm, causing him to freeze. Tommy looks down, not

seeing anything weird. He grabs at his shirt and pulls it high up, eyes widening at what he sees. It's the collar Eret insisted that he clipped somewhere onto his body. He had clipped the thing to his boxer straps so it would stay out of his way and hidden while he was doing things. Techno didn't see this, he has no clue about it.

Tommy couldn't help the relief that flooded his system. Eret's words came to mind as he stared at the collar. *"A scent marker is what werewolves use to mark a new pup, or in your case, a human so they can always find them again."* They can find him, he's not lost out here as much as he thought.

He smiles, knowing if he just stalls everything will be fine. At least he hopes so. Before he could think more of it the doorknob turns, causing him to jolt in surprise. Tommy drops his shirt as he backs up, legs hitting the bed behind himself. The door opens, Techno looking up. His eyes widened slightly, like he didn't expect him to just be standing there.

He then schools his expression into something more neutral. Well, in everything but the sickening soft smile he's suddenly sporting. "Breakfast is ready." He says, taking a step back.

"I'm not hungry." Tommy snaps. He doesn't want to eat anything made from the other. It probably had poison in it or something.

Techno just huffs, not seeming to care for what he's just said. "Well then you can just watch as I eat my food at the table. Come on." The last two words were said less than kindly, it was a demand. Tommy growls underneath his breath, staring down the other. Techno doesn't waver, stretching out his hand for him instead. "Now, please."

Anger starts to bubble just underneath his skin, but he pushes it down and walks forward. All he has to do is bide time, that's all. Techno goes to take his hand but he bats him away, pushing past him as he turns. Turns out this was a hall, the kitchen not being seen from here. But he walks down the hall anyway, Techno following closely behind him.

He comes out to a small kitchen, plates set on the table. Tommy scowled at it, only walking a few steps forward before stopping. Techno walked past him, pulling out his chair and sitting down. He picks up a fork, leaning his elbows on the table as he stabs a slice of bacon. Tommy watches as the other eats in silence, his own plate of food being left untouched.

He turns his head away from him, eyes catching the front door. He stared at it, feet already angling themselves towards it. He could run, he really could. Like he did last night. He'd be already out the front door before Techno even stood up. But... then what? Techno caught him before, dragged him back here. He doesn't even know how to survive out in the forest. The streets maybe, but not the

woods.

“You thinking hard over there?” Techno’s voice cuts him out of his thoughts. He turns his head, eyes meet bloody red ones. The other just stares at him, plate being left behind.

“Shut the fuck up.” He snarls, taking a step towards the door.

Techno puts down his fork, leaning back in his seat. “You swear almost as much as Phil does.” He hums, a smile forming on his face. “Now that I think about it, you look like him too. A lot actually. That might change though.”

“What will change?” He questions, crossing his arms. If he plays Techno’s game he might just win. Keep him talking, giving his pack time to get him.

“Your appearance.” The other shrugs, looking at him up and down. “Sometimes when fledglings' biology changes they look like their sire. Sometimes not though. It’s usually eyes or hair colour. I think you might take my eyes, if I’m lucky.” Techno’s smile widens, predatory. He’s a hunter and Tommy’s his prey.

“I don’t want red eyes.” He says, a frown on his own face. “I don’t want to resemble *you* .” A sickening feeling crawls up his skin at the thought, sending goosebumps down his arms.

“That’s not in your control. But I guess I’m fine if you don’t pick up my traits.” He says simply, picking up his fork as he eats another bite of his food. “You’ll have some of the same genetics as me either way.” He balls his hands into fists, pushing them behind his back before he could do something rash.

Tommy schools his own anger as he steps forward, wrenching the chair out from the table as he sits down. It’s universal knowledge that vampires can’t reproduce like humans or werewolves can. Their monsters in every word the hunters use for people like him, something inhuman. But unlike him Techno really is one. A monster, a physical form for evil.

Since they can’t have their own children they bite humans, infect them and turn them. The venom they use changes humans biologically and with it they plant their own dna. All vampires technically have three ‘parents’, their human ones and whoever was evil enough to turn you. It’s sick, is what it is. And Techno’s going on like this is some kind of adoption they both want to happen.

Tommy picks up his fork and stabs it into a slice of bacon, shoving it into his mouth. He ignores the taste, swallowing the food quickly. On the streets you don't say no to a meal, he *knows* this. He needs to stop acting like a scared animal and like who he knows he is. A street kid. He can survive this, he just needs to think.

Techno watches him for a few seconds before going back to his own food, the two eating in silence. It doesn't take long for Techno to finish his meal as he started first. He takes his plate and fork to the sink, ringing it quickly. After that he wipes his hand in a cloth and turns, leaning against the counter top. Tommy tries to forget he's there as he basically inhales his food.

After he was done eating, Techno took his plate and walked over to the sink, dumping them with his as he started the water. He goes to get up when Techno turns, freezing him in place. "I'll heat up some water on the fireplace so you can take a bath later. You can go outside if you want, but if I catch you passing the tree line I'll come get you. Don't make me come get you, Tommy."

And with that he turns back around, hand moving to grab a cloth as he begins washing the dishes.

~>*<~

The morning air sent chills down his spine as he walked down the halls, his flat boot heels clicking against the ground. It made a soft white noise as he muttered to himself, fingers hovering near his lip as he turned a corner. He had to hold his wrist with his other hand to stop himself from biting his fingers. He doesn't want to get punished again for biting at his fingers. They had just healed from last time.

It seemed like he was noisier than he intended to be as a loud clicking sound from behind himself stopped him dead in his tracks. "Ranboo." His sire chides, his footsteps making their way closer to him. "What are you doing?"

He flinched at the tone, turning around so his body was facing the other. Even with doing so he keeps his gaze casted down to his feet, eyes wandering up and down his pant leg. Anything to make eye contact from the other harder. "I-I needed to use the bathroom." He whispers, voice wavering.

He hears the man sigh, his hand reaching out. He flinches as a cold palm presses itself against his cheek, moving his face upwards. He immediately looks left, not wanting to look at his sire's displeased face. "You should have called me." He says, rubbing his thumb across his cheek. "I

need to know where you are at all times, you know this.” He then scolds, dropping his hand from his face.

“...Sorry.” He quickly apologizes, heart beating slowly in his undead chest. It should have been faster, as quick as a bullet. But it’s left sluggishly pumping blood around his changing system.

The other just sighs, grabbing his hand and leading him down to where he was already headed. “Don’t look at me like that Ranboo, you know I’m only like this for your own good.” Ranboo bites back a shady remark on how this could possibly count as for his own good, knowing it would only lead to another punishment.

“After you're done using the bathroom we’re going back to the nest. Your older brother should be back soon.” Ranboo shudders at the thought of the other man returning, knowing far too well what that meant. If it wasn’t for the fact it was inhuman and so utterly disgusting, then he would have called it plain embarrassing.

The other was bringing back blood, he doesn’t know from where. All his sire said was that no one died, which doesn’t help the aching in his head about it. His sire’s blood apparently wasn’t good enough anymore and they were moving onto another type of blood. To put it plainly they were moving from a parent to a creature’s equivalent of baby formula, like a fricken *baby*.

“Where here.” His sire says, letting go of his hand. He just nods, walking over to the bathroom and opening the door, locking it quickly behind himself. He lets out a strained breath as he walks over to the sink, leaning his weight against it. Looking up he’s met with one green eye and one brown, a set of *very* small fangs that could pass for human teeth and a bandage wrapped around his throat.

A splotch of blood bleeds through the white, making it obviously clear what had happened a month ago. He couldn’t hold it anymore as tears ran down his cheek, a sob bursting past his lips as he stared at himself. He doesn’t care that his sire can easily hear him as he raises a hand and punches the mirror, shattering the glass in front of himself.

There was no questioning it, he wasn’t human anymore.

Chapter End Notes

Ranboo’s here! Oh I love this tall guy in this story, I’m so happy he’s finally here. But of course not without angst, one of my favourite tags. Looks like our boy is having his own vampiric problems. Any guesses on who his sire is? Or this so called brother?

Moving on from that, Tommy and Techno bonding time! Well, sort of. Do you count kidnapping a child and then feeding him 'bonding'? Who knows, it's definitely not my job to figure it out. Anyways I hope you enjoyed this chapter. Before you go though, I have another fic that's out called Into Cunning Beats. It's about werewolves in a modern setting. If you like them, go check it out!

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Of Wishes And Reality

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Time is running out. Tommy's been trapped at Techno's creepy but weirdly fancy cabin for *days*. It's sickening to think about, so he tries not to. Techno's been less talkative, more focused on something he's too busy to find out. Tommy doesn't care what the freak does as long as it's not near him. He's spent most of his time out in the clearing around the cabin, as far away as he dared to get.

He hated to admit it but the place was beautiful. Flowers boomed from every place they could, wild life peeking in from the tree line. At times Tommy would imagine letting them, of being in the bushes and away from *here*. That line of thought always ended up with him at the edge of the property, hand reaching out towards the animals. Wishing the creatures would just give him a chance.

The day, no matter what, always ended with Tommy being called inside by Techno. A dry towel being pushed into his hands as the older *thing* told him to wash off the dirt he got over himself that day. At the moment he was staring at the clear sky, wind causing the grass to tickle his skin. If Techno's plan was to bore him to death, he succeeded.

His thoughts are cut off by a loud *caw*, loud and drawn out. Tommy sits up and turns towards the noise, eyes widening when he sees who it was. It was the crow - or raven - that woke him up his first night here. It tilts its head to the side, jumping closer on the porch rails. He's still for a couple seconds, okay with just staring at the small animal.

Then, as slow as he possibly could, Tommy reaches out towards it. It flies off the rails and he frowns, eyes trailing it as it leaps into the sky. "...Of course." He grumbles, dropping his arms. "Not even the crows are interested in me." It's like the forest was taunting him with all its cute and furry animals. Another caw makes him turn, the bird flying around in the air.

It swoopes down and before Tommy could even register that it was probably going to crash into him it landed on his shoulder. His breath hitches, turning his head slightly to watch as the crow's head bobs up and down. A smile tugs at his lips as he reaches up, the bird peeking softly at his fingers. "Hello." He whispers, rubbing at the animal's chin. "You're actually quite friendly, huh?"

Take that other animal's, you could be getting pets right now but you chose to not get near him. Now the bird gets all the pets. "You need a name." He muses, moving to walk around the grass. He instinctively goes to the back of the cabin, where there weren't any windows due to it being near the bathroom. "Nancy?" He questions as it ruffles its feathers. "Not that, huh?"

The crow leaps off his shoulder and flies in front of him. Tommy puts his arm out for the animal to land on, which he does. His smile grows at the action. "I got it." He says, the bird cocking its head to the side. "Chat!" The crow lets out a chirp, bobbing its head up and down. A laugh bubbles out of him as he takes a seat in the shade. "Yep, your name is definitely going to be Chat." He listens for a couple seconds as the crow makes a ruckus, nodding his head like he was listening.

"Between you and me Chat, we're the biggest men here. I think, I can't tell if you're a girl or not." He points between them, making sure the bird knows. "Anyways, biggest people. And that means a lot because that means we're better than Techno." He points to the cabin behind him. "He's a kidnapper, so if you have any eggs or something fucking *hide* them. Knowing the bastard he'd probably use them for breakfast."

Tommy's not embarrassed to say he probably spent more time talking with the bird than actual people that week, but given the fact he's been here for around five days he thinks he has a pass. The crow smartly talks back, because Tommy's new son - daughter? - is the smartest bird around. But of course, because the universe hates him, it gets late. Late enough that he can hear the front door opening and a loud voice call for him.

The noise scares Chat off, the crow leaping into the air and flying off into the trees. Tommy can only sit there as his son abandons him, his smile being wiped off his face in seconds. He swears underneath his breath as he curls his hands into fists. He doesn't move to get up as he stares at where Chat fled to, wishing that he could fly like the animal and get out of here. He shakes the thoughts out of his head.

No being depressed here, he needs to stay sharp! His pack was sure to come get him soon, it's been too long. He just needs more time and to wait. "Didn't you hear me calling you?" The sudden voice causes him to let out a yelp, scrambling back away from the noise. He looks up into red eyes, chest heaving. Techno stands a few steps away, his hands tucked into his pockets.

Tommy eyes them warily. "I was trying to ignore you." He spits, pushing himself up to his legs. His hurt arm groans but he gives no mind to it. "It's common to ignore things that piss you off." He adds, watching as Techno does nothing with this added hostility.

The vampire just turns his head towards the forest, the setting sun bathing everything in warm hues. "What were you looking at?" He questions, something tight in his voice. If Tommy didn't know better then he would have thought the other was worried. But Techno didn't get worried.

"Nothing." He says, albeit a bit too quiet. He wasn't about to give up his only son. If the crow had a chance to escape then he was lucky to have it. ...Maybe he was starting to spend too much time

practically alone.

Techno turns his attention back to him, only to look like he's stepped on his dog as he wrinkles his nose. "Why do you insist on getting so dirty? I don't even have other clothes for you yet." Tommy crosses his arms over his chest, holding his chin up.

"It's not dirt, it's..." He thinks for a couple seconds, foot tapping on the ground. "Body paint?" He mentally face palms as Techno raises an eyebrow.

"Well whatever it is you're washing it off, come on. I've set up the bath for you." Tommy groans as he walks forward, Techno moving to beside him. He walks a little bit faster to try and limit his time with the other. As much as he hates being bossed around, bathing was actually one of the only good things about this. He never got to have a whole room to himself for up to an hour to just soak in warm water before.

The first time was nerve wracking. Tommy was sure Techno was going to try something. Maybe put something that would kill him in the bath water. But he took the chance and nothing happened. Nothing but getting clean and grimacing when he has to put back on his dirty clothes. Techno tried to have him try on his own clothes, but after the pants kept almost falling they gave up. The shirts he steals though, using them to sleep in.

They were way too big but he wasn't about to say no to a clean shirt. Walking back into the cabin was like walking back into his own gravesite. Since there's no electricity it always got dark faster here than they would on the street. Leaving the halls shrouded and shadows. At least none of the floorboards creaked. Techno shuts the door behind them, Tommy hurrying his way down to the bathroom, to his safe haven.

The vampire lets him, going into another room. He opens the door and quickly closes it behind him, eyes roaming for the towel the other usually lays out. It's to the side of the bathtub along with body wash, shampoo and conditioner. He never really liked how they weren't scented, but it was better than testing his luck and smelling like grime or *mint*. Tommy takes off his clothes and steps into the already filled bath.

Time flies after that, leaving his muscles relaxed and mind slowing down. He washes as quickly as he dares, knowing the second he gets out Techno's probably going to force him to sit at the dinner table. Last night they had steak and vegetables, which he didn't dare waist. If he was getting out of here he needed energy, which meant eating broccoli. Eret would be proud.

After he was done washing off and the water started looking less pleasing, Tommy got out and

dried off. He shook his hair like a wet dog, turning his head over to where he placed his clothes. Like the times before Techno had left one of his clean shirts - a white button up - and he begrudgingly put it on. It smelled clean and was better than his dirty rags and clock, but he still didn't like wearing it.

He was done far too fast for his taste, but he left the bathroom anyway. Tommy goes to head to his room but is quickly stopped by hand on his shoulder. He jolts, turning around on his heels as he raises up his fists. Only to pause when he sees that it's Techno, looking very unimpressed. "You have to stop sneaking up on me like that!" He yells, lowering his arms.

Techno shifts in his stance, looking at least a little apologetic. "I want to show you something." He states instead of *apologizing*. Turning around to the mystery room Tommy always sees him fleeing to. Not really seeing this as an option, he follows. Techno stands at the opening, gesturing for him to go inside. Tommy eyes him as he steps into the room, when the other doesn't do anything he turns.

The room was big, bigger than the one he woke up in and is definitely going to steel shit from when he gets out of here. There were no windows, only a little stand for a single candle light. A massive bed was pushed into one of the corners, thin and thick blankets scattered on top along with multiple pillows. To the other side were drawers, towels and bandages sitting on top of them.

It was hard to see in the dark room, having to squint to actually see the stuff on top of the drawers. The second he does however, a sickening feeling washes over him. A tingling sensation crawling up his spine. Tommy takes a step back, his back immediately hitting something. He looks up, only to see *red*. "Techno--"

"It'll hurt less if you don't move." Tommy didn't even have time to understand the full force of the words before Techno grabbed both of his wrists with one hand, using the other to pin him against his chest. When he does understand the words, when his blood drains from his face from the implications, it's already too late. Techno sinks his fangs into Tommy's neck. He screams, pushing against the arms of the other. One second, two seconds, *five-*

Flames begin to dance across his neck and down his limbs, every inch of his body groaning and flinching away from something that's already in him. Tommy feels like his whole body is on fire as he tries to get away, but he doesn't even budge. He drops his weight, hoping to dislodge himself from the other. But Tehcno holds him steady, his legs dangling uselessly.

It feels like days before Techno takes out his fangs, blood free flowing out neck and straining the white button up red. His body jerks violently, refusing to change, to lose its humanity. He distantly hears Techno talking but he doesn't listen, more focused on trying to get out of the others grip. Or to somehow stop what's already been done. His eyes burn as he feels his stomach turn into knots.

Then all at once the flames receded, leaving him limp as his bones ache and a chill presses itself all over his body. His vision warps into a blurry fog, like he needed glasses. A whine escapes his scratchy throat, sore from screaming for who knows how long. He feels himself being manhandled into Techno's arm. His head lulls to the side, thumping against the other's collarbone.

Techno looks down at him, a smile forming on his face. Tommy tried his best to scowl, eyes beginning to water as he brings him over to the bed in the corner of the room. He sets him down on the mattress, hands moving one of the many blankets up and over his bleeding shoulder. "You're not going to be able to move much for a day or two." Techno says, licking his bloody lips.

"Fuck... *you*." He seethes, feeling his heart thump loudly and erratically.

"I'm going to bite you every thirty minutes over the course of twenty four hours." He goes on, hand reaching over to move hair out of his face. "It's a stretch, I could do it in half the time. But I want to be careful with you, to not overwhelm your system." He takes his hand back, looking him over. "You're so small." With that Techno goes over to the drawer, takes the towel and a bandage before making his way back over.

He sits on the edge of the bed, Tommy practically paralysed as he cleans and wraps the fang marks on his skin. His eyes droop, exhaustion tugging at his very bones. The last thing he sees before passing out was Techno's bright red eyes and pink hair.

Everything feels fuzzy when he comes to, eyes fluttering opening with minimal fighting. His whole body groans as he shifts to a better lying position, bones creaking like he was a hundred years old. The room wasn't as dark as before, the shadows not as prominent as he looked around the place warily.

Tommy doesn't remember coming here, or the past couple of days. Everything was a blur, along with his drifting thoughts. Like syrup through his open fingers, sliding away until it's nothing. The blankets were warm though, so he snuggled deeper into them. Even mustering up his limited strength to grab a rogue pillow to use as a sort of block. It made him feel safer in a way, that he wasn't in direct view of the door.

His stomach grumbles unhappily as he continues to look around. Something was missing, something that he needed. He blinks lazily, trying to rack his mind over it. Then a voice in the back of his head whispers, so silent that he can't even hear its voice. But he understands, for some

reason. His head thumping with the thoughts of *alone - abandoned - where's sire*.

Fear creeps up in his bones, a depressing weight blanketing him like it wanted to suffocate him. Pushing him down until he's *nothing*. He's alone, which meant he wasn't wanted. Tommy curls in on himself then, a whine he couldn't control bubbling out of his throat. The sound was loud, needy. The depressing weight only got heavier and heavier the more time passed with no change, with that same something being missing.

Then the door slammed open. His whining didn't stop however, the light from beyond the door forcing his head into the pillows. It was too *bright*. The door clicked shut after a few seconds. Footsteps drew closer and he instinctively growled, but it was off. Tommy was used to his fake growls he did from living with his pack for so long. A lame imitation that would never be like the original.

This growl though? It physically made his chest shake, a low sound that he was never capable of making before. He was so surprised he almost stopped doing it, but something inside of him spurred him on. He needed to growl, to show whoever this was not to mess with him. What he got back was an airy laugh and his front pillow being grabbed away from him. His whines returned in full force, causing whoever was taking his shit to hesitate.

He felt the pillow being moved back towards him, but it wasn't covering his face anymore. "I'm here, I'm here." He hears someone say, someone familiar. *Sire - sire - sire*. Tommy looks up from his pillow, freezing in place when his eyes connect with another's. Something was weird, he knew, but he couldn't place his finger on it as he stared at the other.

It was like nothing else mattered in that moment because the other was *here*, with *him*. The person huffs as they sit on the side of the bed, hand reaching over to tilt his chin up. Tommy hisses as pain erupted from his neck, like it was stabbed over and over again. The hand doesn't falter. "I'm sorry I wasn't here when you woke up." They say, sounding genuinely sorry.

Tommy hisses at the excuse. If they were truly sorry they wouldn't be hurting his neck. He watches as the man tilts his head from side to side, a pleased smile coming up onto his face. "Some of your roots are pink." He murmurs, finally letting go of his chin. He sets his head back down on the pillow, keeping his eyes on the other.

They didn't do much, just watched him and talked silently. Something soft in their eyes when he yawned or pulled more blankets up around himself. After a while Tommy's eyes started to feel heavy and he snuggled deeper into the pillows. A croon sounds out from above him, soothing his loopy mind into more of a sleepy mush.

“Good night Tommy.” The man whispers, rubbing his arm up and down. Even if he wanted to stay awake, he doesn’t think his body would have given him the choice.

Chapter End Notes

Tommy’s been bitten everyone, that vampire TommyInnit tag is finally getting some use now. I don’t know what else to say other than that. I have seen comments though talking about how Techno should just let Tommy go because he obviously doesn’t want to get kidnapped. And honestly I can’t tell if y’all are joking or not. 🤔 It’s tagged Dark Technoblade for a reason.

Anyways, moving on from the fact I can’t tell a joke over the internet, I hope you guys liked this chapter! The next few chapters to come are going to be so fun to write, I have so much world building and moving the plot forward planned. A hint, if any of you want it, is that you’ll be getting a Wilbur pov soon!

Anyways part two, later peeps.

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I'm Losing My Mind

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Waking up was less fuzzy and blurry. It didn't feel like syrup and more so like water, his Brian kicking into gear far faster than it did before. The days before though we're still unforgiving, his mind coming up in a blank. The last thing he remembers is a person making all his fear go away. Tommy was never one for forgetting thing, he had an amazing memory. He needed to... for some reason. For an important reason.

What was the reason? "Good morning." A soothing voice sounds out from above him. It immediately grabs his interest. Tommy looks up from a pillow, his neck groaning in pain. He hisses, an inhuman sound that startled him as much as it does its job. The person there is on him in second, cupping his cheek. Warmth floods his system and he sighs, relaxing into the calloused hand. "It's okay." The other says as they move a pillow underneath his head.

Tommy's head is softly dropped back onto the pillow, it moved so he could look up better. It's the first time he's really setting his eyes on the other, his eyes connecting with bright red. They glow in the darkness, like bloody orbs in a void. The man smiles then, reaching over to move some of his hair out of his face. Something about the other calmed him, made him not want to think about anything outside this room. His stomach growled then, the noise filling up the room.

Hungry - hungry - hungry. He whines, something urging him to make his discomfort known. Like an instinct, deep inside his head that he couldn't shake. The second the sound leaves his throat the other is getting up. He looks panicked for a second, eyes fluttering to every part of him. After confirming something and the fact Tommy's stomach growls again, understanding dawns on his face. "You're hungry." He says, shoulders relaxing. "I'll uh..." He moves to leave the room, back turning to him.

With the action Tommy's mind screams. The man - who for some reason was the only thing that could calm him - was leaving. Had he done something wrong? Was he mad at him? Why was he leaving him alone? A screech rips out of his throat as he throws himself forward. Without care for his hurting neck Tommy lunges for the other man. He grabs onto his arm and *pulls*.

The other doesn't even budge. With this failure Tommy screeches louder, throat burning as he tugs at the man's shirt. Tears burn his eyes as he resorts to whining, tugging and hissing at the other to not go. The man doesn't do anything for a few seconds, eyes widening as he just stares down at him. Tommy looks up, his inhuman sounds filling the room as he wills the others to do something. To stay with him, anything other than leave.

Then like something snapped the other turns back to him, hands moving to hold his back. Tommy's pushed into the other's chest, his hands rubbing awkward circles on his back. "Stop your crying, I'm right here." He says, pulling back a little to wipe at his watery eyes. "Never thought you'd be a clingy little thing." He carries on, using his knuckles to rub at his cheeks. The other's hand cleaning up the tears that slipped from him.

His voice dies down at the words and actions, hands tightening in his shirt. "Like a firecracker." He muses, the hand on his back moving so he could hold him from his sides. Tommy doesn't quite understand what he means but at least he's not leaving now. His stomach growls again and the other looks down at his stomach. "How am I going to do this?" He whispers, but for some reason he could hear it. Like it was above a whisper and not almost uttered.

The thought causes him to pause, head resting on the other's forearm. He knew he felt weird when he woke up, like his body wasn't his own. But he thought it'd go away by now. Instead he's left feeling the exact same, just without the tiredness he felt before. His stomach roars, his limbs are sore and he feels weird. All in all today wasn't turning out to be a good day. And don't get him started on his empty memories and calmness towards them. He should be scared, shouldn't he?

This wasn't *right*, was it? For as much as he was calm, he was wary. Sitting in the darkness wasn't something he should have been used to. With some guy he can't place holding him like he was valuable. Tommy wasn't valuable, he was dirty and always hungry. But as he looked down at his clean palms, his oversized shirt and ripped rags for pants something didn't add up. He was supposed to be waiting for someone, right? Someone important was supposed to be coming for him.

"I have to go get some food, are you going to be able to sit here for a minute?" The man's voice cuts his thoughts off, red eyes staring down at him in thought. "You need to get your strength up, kid." *Sire - hungry - safe.*

"Sire?" He croaks out, voice rough and aching. Like he'd been yelling for hours on end. The word felt right for the other, like it was a tile only he held. The other's - his sire's? - breath hitches, lips parting as they quirk up.

"Yeah, I'm your sire." He says, voice sounding all too soft. His stomach growls again for the hundredth time and his sire grons. "And you, my firecracker of a fledgling, need food." Tommy doesn't have time to think about the other's words before his hands are being grabbed, his sire gently taking his fingers off of his shirt. He hisses, trying to tighten his grip on the other. His sire just huffs as he gets his hands off of him, hand moving up to cradle the back of his bandaged neck. *Safe - safe - safe.*

Tommy melts into the palm, hisses dying in his throat. His sire manhandles him into laying back

down into a small pile of pillows. All while the hand on the back of his hurting neck cradles him like he were gold. "I'll be back." His sire promises, voice giving no room to argue the other to stay. He left laying there then, the other leaving out the door. The light from outside causes him to screw his eyes shut until the door closes.

He swallows thickly, his dry throat not helping his uncomfortable place on the bed. He lays there for who knows how long, eyes casted on the ceiling. His brain cries for the other to come back, but the promise that the other made that he will keeps him from whining or calling out to the other. He's fine, he thinks. His sire was just getting food, he'd be back. He wasn't being abandoned.

And sure enough a few more minutes later the door was opening, light flooding back into the room. Tommy pushes his palms into his eyes to hide away from the light. With the click of the now closed door he peeks past his hands, something smelly making its way over to him. It wasn't a bad smell persay, just one he doesn't recognize. With this new scent comes a hunger he hasn't before, limbs moving without much thought as he pushes himself into a sitting position.

His eyes roam until he finds the cup that holds the smell, his sire walking over with it in hand. He licks his lips, mouth watering despite the lack of water he's had. His sire smiles at the sight of him and sits down at the side of the bed beside him. Tommy tries to see what the thing that was making him so intrigued was but before he gets a good look the other was rapping his arm around him. Setting his hand on his hip as he keeps his hand a fair distance away.

"You have to drink slowly, okay? I don't need you choking." The other chided. Tommy nods eagerly, making grabby hands at the cup. He ignores the others' chuckles as the cup is pressed to his lips. It's tipped back, the liquid filling up his eager mouth. And for a second everything was bliss, the taste not registering in his mind. Something however told him not to swallow, the feeling unlike the urges he's been having thus far. It was familiar, reminding him of prickles up his spine and the need to run down the street. To get away.

"But guess what Tommy! You're not strong and you will never be tough like us! You're a human who's reckless and fragile! Now we're going home before you fucking brake and I'm left here alone! Do you understand!?"

Something was wrong, this wasn't right.

"Don't speak like that. You are and forever will be my pup. Even if you're human. You're my pup, don't misunderstand that. But Tommy, you can't just leave without any of us knowing. I'll talk to Wilbur and Fundy about you going out more on your own, but we have rules for a reason. You can't go around breaking them. Alright?"

People were looking for him- his *pack* was looking for him. Eret, Fundy, *Wilbur*. God, where were they? We're was he?

"I took Tommy with me around the area. Pickpocketing lessons, how to steal from children."

Tommy doesn't swallow whatever was in his mouth, instead looking up at whoever was side hugging him. Red eyes stare back at him, looking at him like they were waiting for him to do something. Cup held up with scarred hands. He thinks and for the first time since he's woken up he doesn't give in to his relaxing limbs or his calm brain. He focuses on his memories, his past. He was Tommy, brother to two werewolves and pup to one.

Eret, Fundy, Wilbur. He thinks of the names over and over again like a mantra. "You need to swallow, kid." The other chuckles, head tilting as he stares down at him. The other - who's name crept into his head like an invasive species - wasn't any of his family members. Then the past days flood his brain like poison. Of hanging out with Techno, of getting drugged, of fighting off a vampire and getting *bitten*—

Tommy tastes copper. Horror seeps in as everything crashes into him and suffocates him under its weight. There was blood in his mouth, on his tongue. He was drinking fucking blood. He flings himself forward towards the edge of the bed, mouth opening as he spits the blood out. He gags, stomach lurching. He hears Techno take in a sharp breath as he stands. He doesn't bother to hear the others words as he tries to get the taste of blood out of his mouth and onto the floor.

A pair of hands land on his shoulder, fingers curling as they try to keep him from fully falling off of the bed. Tommy immediately jolts from the touch, a hiss ripping its way out of his throat involuntarily as he throws his weight backwards. When he doesn't move, the hands only tightening their hold he raises his own hands. He runs on autopilot as he bangs a weighted fist into the other's chest as he continues to try and scramble away. The other finally lets go of him, having to back up to regain his balance. "Tommy-"

"Get out!" He screams, scrambling away from the other. His head thumps with *sire - sire - sire*, like it was some kind of spell. At the same time however his body shudders, the urge to jump out any open window crawling up his spine. Techno's surprised face cracks as he frowns, eyes widening in... shock? Sadness? He doesn't care, because whatever it is, the other deserves it. "Just get the fuck out!" He yells again, not able to stop the inhuman noises that make their way out of him.

"Okay." Techno breathes out, backing up towards the door with the cup still in his hand. "I'll go." He bites his lip, eyes shooting from him, to the pool of spit out blood on the floor and over to the door. His voice wavers, something deep within Tommy cracking at the sound. "Call if you need

me.” He bristles with unshed anger, eyes wide as the vampire walks over to the door.

“I fucking won’t.” He seethes, watching as the older man leaves. The door clicked shut softly. Tommy’s left there heaving as his heart speeds rapidly in his chest. He’s left there with blood coating his tongue and his body feeling *wrong*. He had never felt hopeless before, even while on the streets of Logstedshire. Even before he met his pack and they took him in. But now, as he sits in this dark room with his limbs feeling like they were never his, Tommy feels hopeless.

As the day goes on Tommy loses it multiple times, screaming at the walls for this to all be a sick nightmare. But every time he squeezes his eyes shut and opens them again, he’s left staring at the walls of a bloody prison. He ignores his roaring stomach, the burning of his limbs and the weakness of his bones as he paces. He also ignores his louder steps, his better smell or the fact he doesn’t have to squint anymore to see things in the room.

He ignores the fact he can feel death crawling through his veins, blood being tainted by something he can no longer control. During all that Techno doesn’t visit him once. The prick can’t even show his face again, not after he’s kicked him out. Tommy wishes he’d died, because being in a body that’s changing in front of your very eyes was much worse than sleeping for eternity six feet under the ground.

But after hours of pacing and thinking, his body takes a turn for the worst. Instead of feeling wrong everything *hurts*. It’s hard to even move around now, limbs like led as he wobbles towards the wall. He presses a shaky palm to his surface to steady himself. The roaring sound of a slow heartbeat thumped in his ears, in his mind. It yelled and screamed and hissed for something he didn’t totally understand. But for some reason when he looked towards the door the thumping died down, the silence over there was calling to him.

He pushed it down for as long as he could, the loudness in his ears clawing at his sanity. Something was *wrong*, worse than it was before. Tommy could only think of it being one thing, but he didn’t want to accept the fact he may not be himself anymore. He thinks he stands there for hours, softly banging his head against the wall to make it *shut up*. But it doesn’t stop, it only gets louder.

He loses himself then, breath going shallow as he turns towards the door once more. He doesn’t even have a choice before his limbs are moving forward, knees shaking like he were just a baby dear. His mind goes, thoughts leaving him as his body moves on its own. Instincts drive him to open the door, light flooding his vision and blinding him for a few seconds. It wasn’t as bad as before, the sun seeming to have left some time ago. Now it was only candles lighting up the hall.

He stumbled out into the hall, clutching onto the door handle for support. It was dangerous coming out here, but he couldn't find himself to care. If Techno found him and killed him, he thinks it would be a fucking favour. Tommy pushes off of the handle, using the walls to keep him upright as he follows the silence away from the loud pounding. His hands are clammy and sweat stains his shirt as he walks. Time blurs and suddenly Tommy's standing at the entrance to the living room.

A fireplace warming up his shivering body. Tommy looks for the calm, for the peace. His eyes stop on Techno, book in his hand as he sits on a loveseat. He doesn't mean to let the whine leave his lisp, but it does. He watches in slow motion as Techno's head snaps up to him, surprises lacing his features. Tommy stumbles forward with haste. The other was mouthing something, rising from his seat. He looked worried, but Tommy didn't care about that.

All he cared about was the fact that Techno was silent, utterly silent. And the pounding in his head wasn't. Tommy staggered forward, hands outstretched. In a blink of an eye Techno was in front of him, hands tight underneath his armpits like he was holding him up. Actually, no, he *was* holding him up. His legs were like jello. He was saying something but he couldn't hear a word. Tommy looked to the source of the quiet, finding the other's throat.

It was right there. Ready for everything that his roaring mind asked of him. He's too distracted to see Techno's worried gaze as he softly shakes him. He can feel his slow heartbeat, blood flowing through his veins. Tommy bares his teeth before he could even think of the consequences and lunges, teeth seeping deep into the man's flesh. With an unknown strength Tommy leaps up, digging his nails into the others back as he basically scrambles up his body.

There's a loud hiss as Techno almost tips over. He steadies them, arms moving to sport him from underneath. There's blood seeping into his mouth, dripping past his unlocked jaw and down his chin. The roaring gets louder demanding him to swallow. A whine escapes him, his teeth digging deeper into bloody skin. This was wrong, he knew. He wasn't a monster like the other was, he should have never come out here searching. But instincts win and like everything nowadays Tommy didn't have a choice.

Techno moves so he's sitting on the couch behind them, Tommy now in his lap instead of holding onto him with surprising strength. He's too out of it to really care at the moment. To wonder where this determination came from. He growls, a real one that would never feel natural in his mouth. He bites down harder yet Techno doesn't even make a sound of protest. Then, like a bomb went off, there's a vibration on his chest, instantly forcing Tommy's muscle into jello, just like his legs were.

The noise wasn't as overbearing and wasn't as painful as the one threatening his head. His eyes droop as his fingernails loosen their hold. Blood flows down his throat, the taste nothing like he's ever tasted before. For a lack of a better word in his muddled brain, it tasted refreshing. Dangerously so. Swallow after swallow, Tommy drank. The vibration didn't stop until a long time after he finally stopped drinking. The blood dripped out of the wound and seeped into his clothes.

Staining hai shirt red.

Everything was silent now. “That’s enough for your first feeding.” Techno’s voice rumbles out, his hand coming up to rub at his neck. “I should have tried neck feeding first.” He hears the other mumble underneath his breath as he shifts onto laying on his back. Tommy was on top of him now as Techno moved his face away from his neck. He looks into pleased red eyes, like he’s done the most greatest thing in the world.

Techno’s neck was bloody, no spot bare of the red liquid. It stopped bleeding however, no wound to be found. Something in the back of his brain says this situation was monstrous, that what he’s done he could never come back from. But he was too full and loopy to care. Like his mind was giving a calm injection and left on its own. There was no panic, no anger. Just the need to lay on the other and listen to him talk.

Tommy licks his teeth, but when he doesn’t feel pain, confusion washes over him. He had just bitten Techno a minute ago- was it even a minute? It felt so long and so short at the same time. But his teeth should have been sharp, should have been like razors to bite into a vampire. His confusion must be facial as well as Techno chuckles, the vibrations still going like a broken oven that just won’t start. “My neck is very vulnerable right now, easy to stab through.” He says, like any of that makes sense.

“Your fangs haven’t grown in yet, but you are still able to feed from me. I can scratch my neck and it’ll still bleed.” Techno talked, explaining something Tommy didn’t know how to respond to. He looks where he had bitten him once more. Blood was the only thing he could see. He then reaches up and scratches at the skin there, it ripping apart easily. Techno hisses, grabbing his hand away. “You’re done feeding, stop that.”

He doesn’t say anything back. He does however take his hand away from the other, returning it to where he was clutching onto the other. The new cut heals right before his eyes. Techno reaches forward, his thumb wiping something from the corner of his mouth. No doubt it was blood. “Sleep, I’ll feed you again when you wake up.” He says, flashing him a fanged smile. It was soft, eyes looking at him with something he’s only seen from his pack. Love, maybe? But that shouldn’t be right.

Techno was a horrible person who’s only in it for himself. He shouldn’t be looking at him that way. Like he was something valuable. But not how an object or a pet is valuable, but a child. “My little fledgling.” The vibrations get louder, something that was once a buzz now like lulling thunder. Techno rubs circles into his back, pushing his head down into the crook of his neck.

“...I don’t want to sleep.” He mumbles, voice slurred and like syrup in his mouth.

“Then just rest your eyes.” Techno replies quietly. “Sleep will come for you eventually.” Something both inhuman yet protective flares in the back of his head, telling him to stay away. To not trust the man he’s laying with. But as his eyes flutter close, the voice disappears.

The only thing he hears is Techno’s vibrating chest and the slow pulse of his heart.

Chapter End Notes

I tried writing time loss and not knowing what’s happening around you more in this chapter. Like your on something without actually being on something. Becoming a vampire sire is a lot of energy, let me tell you. Tommy is very confused and not at all happy at the moment. I would say Techno’s the opposite but he’s also confused at times. Can’t blame the man, this is his first turning.

I hope you guys liked this chapter. Leave comments if y’all want, it makes me happy. Anyways, later peeps.

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Lost And Never Found

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Wilbur curls his hands into fists, his blood boiling underneath his skin as he tries to contain the urge to shift. It rushes through him like a second coat, calling to him. Pleading to let it out. But he controlled himself, knowing better than to risk shifting out of anger in public. "He hasn't been here." Wilbur growls as he turns to face his pack. Eret and Fundy stood next to him, their own emotions on their sleeves as they eye the areas nightlife.

The place reeks of humans, but not of their human. Tommy always came to this stupid Saturday program that ran here, yet he couldn't pick up his scent. Everything had been washed away with the rain and other scents. "No, he hasn't." Eret hisses, shoving her hands into her pockets. "Fuck..." She groans, turning in her heels.

Wilbur spares one last glance at the abandoned field, watching as teens huddled for warmth, adults haggled for money and as everyone came to an unspoken understanding that they'll look after each other until the sun comes up. He could practically imagine Tommy sitting somewhere in the grass with the guitar he's always chatting about, playing a song they'll never forget. His own hands itch to lay upon an instrument, strumming it and tuning it. Maybe then Tommy would hear it and come back to them.

Maybe then he could say he was sorry.

"Wilbur?" He's brought out of his lingering thoughts as he feels Fundy tug on his sleeve. He looks down at the other man, trying not to show what he was thinking. The other werewolf sighs, seeming to see right through him. "It isn't your fault." Fundy says as he lets go of his shirt. "Tommy's probably held up somewhere with another street kid sulking. Or he's already back at the den wondering where we all went."

"He's never missed curfew before." Wilbur argues back as something dangerous curls deep within his stomach. He was waiting in the den for the gremlin to come back, Eret and Fundy already setting up dinner. Which was some scraps he and the redhead had found an hour prior. He wanted to talk to his little brother again, for this fude to stop. He was willing to say he was in the wrong, if it meant Tommy would be happy again.

He can admit that Tommy isn't as fragile as he was yelling about, but the pup was still a human. He was still young and his little brother. So he had waited, and waited, and waited. Until the sun hit the Earth's surface and he was left wondering what time it actually was. The moon was out now, a dusty orange as it continued to rise into the sky. His brother was still nowhere to be found.

“There’s a first for everything.” Fundy shoots back as he begins to head over to where Eret’s waiting for them by the street. Wilbur uncurls his hands, looking down at the sharp crescent moons on his palms.

“I don’t like this one.” He whispers, looking away from his hands as he follows his pack. “I don’t like this at all.”

Blood splatters onto his shirt as the guard chokes, saliva mixing with the red as he struggles to breathe. Wilbur bares his canines as his tail whips back and forth, ears pinned back to press against his skull. His hands tighten around the man’s collar. “Let’s try this again.” He states, staring into the eyes of a familiar face. One that he had promised to break much more than his legs if he had smelled him again. “Where’s my brother?”

The man’s eyes darted from him to beyond his shoulders. We’re Eret and Fundy stood on each side of him. His lip was split, blood trailing down his chin. His face was turning black and blue, yet Wilbur couldn’t find the mercy in him to let the man drop to the floor. He could smell it on him anyways, the special clip they had gotten Tommy. It was faint, so faint that he had thought his mind was going crazy.

But after he had seen who it was, Wilbur knew this was a lead. It was the man from weeks ago that he found pushing Tommy up against the wall. “I-I told you I d-don’t know!” The other cries, voice shaky and gradual. “I chased him with some guards three w-weeks ago, that’s it! He got away!” A deep growl sounds out from behind him, the sound of feet shifting in the dirt the only thing to meet his ears.

“You aren’t telling us everything.” Eret states, walking up to be right beside him. Wilbur watches as he lifts up his hand, grabbing at the man’s hair to pull his face towards them. “What else happened?” The man shudders under his alpha’s yellow eyes and he finds himself smiling. Wilbur was violent. You had to be in the life they lived. He had paid the price for being peaceful a long time ago with a sword through him.

But Eret was a totally different type of danger. They didn’t dare lay scars on you, but they did play games. Mind games, the ones that leave you laying in bed in the middle of the night wondering if that sound from downstairs was just in your imagination or it was something worse. The promise of broken bones was for Wilbur to deliver, the promise of a life not worth living was his alpha’s.

And it's been a week since Tommy has gone missing. Neither of them are going to bring the human mercy. When the other didn't reply Eret tightened his grip, not enough to leave anything behind however. "Do you need help remembering?" He asks, leaning forward. His hot breath on the others. Wilbur watched, wondering how long he could last. "Because I'm sure my pack here won't mind jogging your memory."

At the words Fundy growls, a deep and inhuman sound. The younger man was fully shifted, his wolf fully out for anyone to see. His coat was a dirty orange, teeth bared and hackles raised. Wilbur would pet him behind the ears and promise him he's doing a good job at controlling himself if he wasn't currently holding onto the other. "Th-there was a man!" He shouts, coughing.

"A man?" He urges the other to go on as Eret backs off, putting a hand up to Fundy. The wolf looks over at it, his growls puttering off as he takes a step back.

"He was tall." The other starts, eyes wide and stuck on his own. "Sc-scared the shit out of the guard after he said a name. It wasn't one I've heard before!"

"What was the name?" Eret asks.

"Phil... uh, oh! Philza! His name was Philza! The guy said if the guard had a problem to talk to him! I left after that and never saw the thief again!" Silence rings out between them, the human squirming in his hands. Wilbur turns his head to his alpha, wondering where the rebuttals are. Eret was quiet, hands turning to fists at his sides as he stared at the humans. His lips were thin, gaze unsteady.

"Alpha?" He whispers, Fundy looking up at his voice.

Eret seems to snap back into reality as he looks over at him. "We're done here." He orders, moving his attention back to the humans. "Get rid of him." Wilbur has questions, but he doesn't dare speak his mind as the man starts screaming and Fundy starts closing in. Eret walks to the front of the alleyway, a look out, as they deal with the trash.

Eret was antsy, which wasn't anything new. But he was pacing more than just a mother hen would. He was packing, eyes snapping to anything that made a noise. Fundy was washing his face off in the corner, trying to get dried blood off of his face. Wilbur stood in the middle of the den, watching silently as the two moved about. Anxiety climbed up his throat, his hands balling up into fists.

“Who’s Philza?” He asks.

Eret freezes in place, eyes snapping over towards him. Fundy’s shifted ears perk up, twitching. “He’s nobody.” His alpha says, voice off kilter. Eret threw a bag over his shoulder.

“If he’s a nobody then why are we packing?” Wilbur shoots back, eyes narrowing. Fundy turns, face dripping with water as he looks between them.

The other man looks away then, caught in his lie. He watches as Eret takes a deep breath in, shoulder hiking up to his ears. “I’ve heard rumours.” He starts, taking a seat on one of their very few chairs. Both him and Fundy walk closer, crowding him. “He operates out in no man’s land. Past the border.” He frowns, thoughts starting to race.

Fundy speaks up for him. “Isn’t it a wasteland past the border?” He asks, looking between them. Wilbur gives him the same confused look. No man’s land was a death sentence. Deserts raging on for miles and miles. It’s why everyone stayed in the cities, all packed together and safe. Logstedshire was on the outskirts, one of the poorest cities. Also the one that was more populated with werewolves and the other creatures of the night.

No one can survive out there alone. “That’s not necessarily true.” Eret whispers, looking away. “It’s what the government *tells* people. No man’s land is lush, forest and mountains spread out thousands of miles. It’s called that because no man can live there... *Human*, man.”

“What?” Wilbur breathes, taking a step back. *Human man*.

“It belongs to us.” Eret states, standing up from his seat. “Us, and the other things that people would rather kill than talk to. It’s its own society. It has rules not many understand, rules that can get you killed if you don’t follow them.”

It belongs to us. There was a place out there without humans? For *them*. Lush and green and protected by ignorance? “Why the fuck aren’t we living there then?” He spits, glaring at his alpha. Fundy looks just as mad from beside him, hackles rising. “W-we could be free and you have us living here? In this dump!? What kind of alpha-“

He’s cut off by Eret shoving him backwards, growling in his face. Wilbur stumbles but catches himself easily. He bows his head, baring his neck immediately. Fundy lowers his head too, taking a step back. Eret growls for a few more seconds, then lets up. He pushes his cheek to his own,

scenting him. Wilbur lets the other cover him with his scent. “We don’t belong there.” He whispers, hand moving up to cup his cheek.

Wilbur looks over at the other, heart pounding in his chest. “Why not?” He asks, looking over at Fundy. The middle child to their dysfunctional family. Who has to live in fear of hunters and guards, who pickpockets for scraps. He thinks of Tommy, lost somewhere scared and alone. Who was kicked out onto the street and picked up by monsters, monsters who showed him more humanity than his own parents ever did.

They could have had a cabin somewhere, out in the middle of the forests. They could have been farmers, growing their own food and going out hunting every time like a pack should. Wilbur didn’t need to worry about how long Tommy or Fundy have gone without food, or if Eret had taken a break or not. Eret leans off of him, a sad look to his eyes. “Because the second we’d go to sleep we’d get picked off by vampires.”

He flinches, eyes growing wide. Fundy’s own flashes yellow as he takes a step forward, wanting the comfort of the pack. Eret grabs him and pulls him into their huddle, quickly scenting his cheek before cupping it with his other hand. “...And this Philza guy?” Fundy dares ask, panic etched into his eyes.

“Might be one of them, I don’t know.” His whole world goes tumbling down.

They leave once nightfall hits, traveling through the shadows and alleyways they know like the back of their hand. They fast on their feet, not caring if someone catches sight of their yellow eyes or wolf-like features. They run and run, because there wasn’t anything else they could do. Wilbur’s lungs burn away before they even start to see the warning signs to turn back.

Concrete gives way to grass and flowers poking up out of the ground. And isn’t that a weird thought? *Flowers*. Eret leads them past lookouts and guards, using their better night vision to easily sneak around. As they go more green shows up, vines curling around fences and walls. Not one speck of desert sand is seen. Within a few hours Wilbur’s face to face with a small brick fence.

Trees stretch up towards the sky, grass and dirt are crushed underneath his feet as he feels like his chest is going to explode. “Stay close.” Eret orders, looking back at them. “Howl if we ever get separated, pay attention for Tommy’s scent marker.” He nods, lips pressed into a thin line. “And no matter what, don’t engage with a vampire.” He shudders at the thought.

They hop the fence and start running once more. It was surprisingly easy to run through the forest. Wilbur had never stepped foot in one that wasn’t some park in the center of tall sprawling

buildings. It smelt different here to, like wood and dirt and life. It felt freeing, but his mind was far away from the thought. He wasn't free here, he was in danger. Eret had explained it clear as day. Vampires roamed no man's land, vampires owned this land.

He ignored the barking in the back of his head that tells him it was his to. Wilbur just raises his head and sniffs, waiting for the familiarity of Tommy's scent marker to hit his nose. It doesn't and he pushes forward, keeping pace with the pack. Fundy twists and turns around the trees, jumping over logs like he knew they were there. Eret and him are less gracefull, having tripped over there own feet plenty of times already.

His limbs ache and his lungs burn but he keeps going. The thoguht of Tommy out here with vampires scares the shit out of him. His baby brother was all alone, all because he couldn't say *sorry*. "I got something!" Fundy yells, suddenly stopping. Wilbur trips over a tree branch, running right into a tree. He shakes off the pain in his nose as he turns, watching as Fundy sniffs the air. Eret rounds back over to them, eyes wide.

"It's faint." Fundy adds, dropping his bag to the ground. He then shifts into his wolf from, bone craking a she groans. Without much time in between he's sniffing at the ground.

Eret walks over and picks up Fundy's bag, kneeling beside the wolf. "Do you think you can see where it goes?" He asks, watching Fundy intently. The other looks up at them and nods, eyes narrowed as he tries to track the scent. Fundy was always better at following scents then he was. It only takes a few more moments before there off, following Fundy as he steers them into a random direction.

The woods become denser agent and he got the sudden feeling he wasn't going to like it that much anymore. Critters ran in the underbush, birds flew over head and Wilbur, well, he was scared. Following Fundy felt like he was being led to a murder sight, he didn't know why. He felt eyes on him from all around, watching, waiting. The other shoe wasn't going to drop but he felt it in his bones that it was about to.

Something had happened and he had no clue what it was. What they were going to find. It's been forever since he's seen Tommy's blue eyes and loud smile, yet he feels like once he sees them he's going to regret ever yelling at the kid. He does now, guilt pooling in his veins like venom. Venom, the death to all men.

~>*<~

"Tommy?" The voice causes him to look over towards the locked door. Tommy pushes down the urge to open it, to run into dangerous arms and pretend to play house. Because Techno was on the

other side, in his inhuman glory. Instead he goes back to looking at the mirror, trying to memorise what he looks like.

He was changing and it wasn't for the better. He ignored the pink roots spotted around his head and the bandage around his neck. Tommy didn't want to see the changes, so he looked at his still bright blue eyes. Blue, like the sky above his favourite program. Like the little sweater Eret made for Henry for his birthday. The colour of freedom.

"Tommy, you can't stay in there forever." Techno's voice was loud against his ears. Grating, hungry. He hated it all.

"Watch me!" He shouts, turning his head towards the closed door. Techno could easily break in, he knows, but the fake privacy was doing wonders on his worsening mental health. "Bitch!" He adds as an afterthought, turning back to looking at the mirror. He knows if he opens that door all reason would be thrown out the window. The other had said it was the venom doing it, blocking out his humanity.

It not only killed him, but was infecting his head. Clouding his mind and turning him into a fucking *puppy*. Tommy would push it away for hours, only for hunger to set in and for Techno to bare his neck. Then he'd lose himself and sink dull teeth into a soft neck. Exhaustion would reach his body and then he'd wake up fine again. It'd repeat, over and over again. It's been three days since he's woken up after his first... feeding.

He hurt less, but it did nothing to stop his stomach from trying to throw up its contents. The cycle only made Techno's hovering worse, so he locked himself in the bathroom. Try being an ass when you can't even get to him, bitch. "You need to eat something if you want to get stronger." Techno says, sounding exhausted. He almost hurls from the simple thought of eating. He grimaces, looking over at the toilet. It smelt like puke, definitely caused from the fact he threw up his 'breakfast' not so long ago.

"I'm not fucking hungry!" He yells, a hiss like sound filling his vocal cords. He only get another hour of freedom before his heads pounding enough for him to leave on his own.

Chapter End Notes

We got the werewolf pov chapter! There out in No Man's Land doing everything they can to find Tommy. They have no idea what's going to happen, or what has already happened. Time lines overlap a lot in this chapter because it starts off in the past with the pack just finding out Tommy was gone. The part where there interrogating the

guard happen's a couple days before Tommy's turning. So while Tommy was waiting for them to find him, they were already looking for him.

Hope you guys liked this chapter! I'm so excited for what's coming up soon. I love comments, so leave em if you want to. I'll appreciate it. See you next chapter!

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